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*Weekly*  
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

BUDDIES



*“Hooky”*

*Looking Toward Minneapolis  
Football — Walter Camp  
Government by Deficit*

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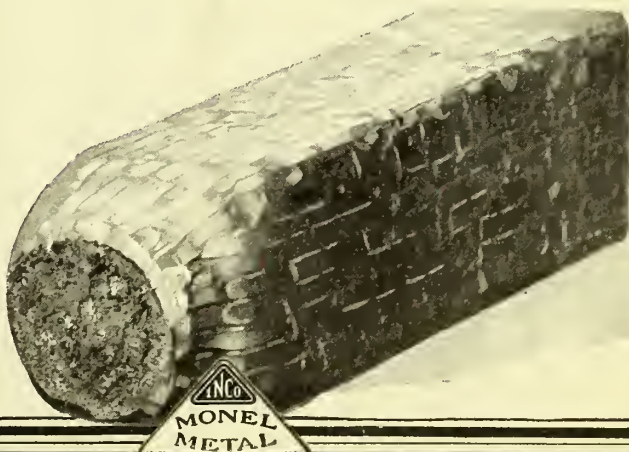
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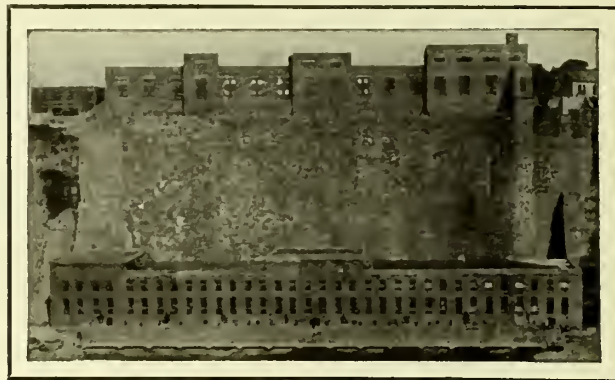
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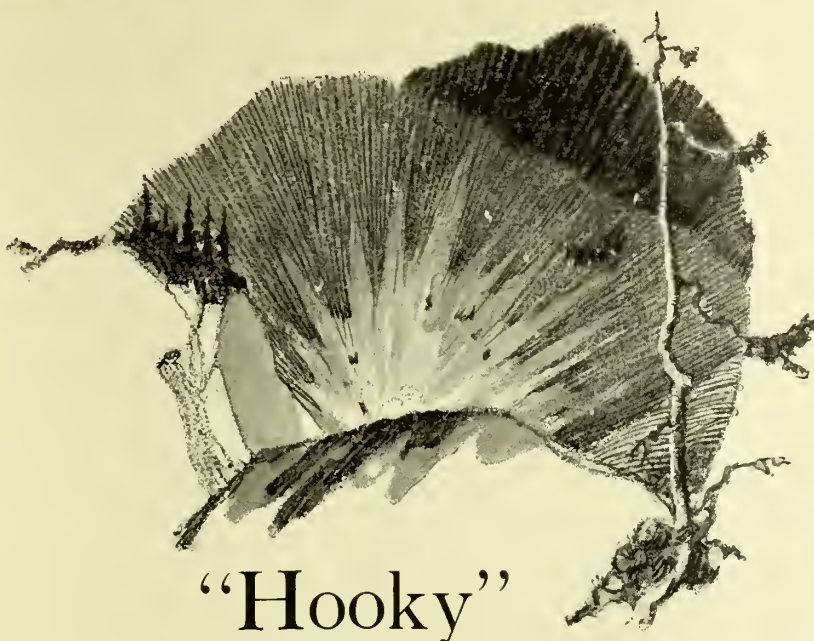
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# The American Legion Weekly

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## “Hooky”

By ROBERT J. CASEY

Author of “The Idolater,” etc.

**T**OM STAPLES being a miner of finished training was very careful to close the draft doors of his tin stove before he held a stick of “giant” over the red-hot surface to thaw. All of which shows the futility of precaution when the fates have cast the die.

Tom went out into the snows of Dark Canyon close upon the trail of the side wall of his log shack which waited to spear him with a thousand splinters as he fell. His arms, what was left of them, were spread several hundred feet apart. Where the cabin had been was a hole surrounded by a muck of gold-bearing quartz. Tom saw none of this. One eye was gone, the other swept by a continuous flame of red. It would have interested him only casually anyway. The claim was another man’s.

He blinked once or twice with his remaining eye, diagnosed the pain as centering in the palms of the hands which he did not know he had lost, wondered whether he would die at once or in ten minutes and dropped into unconsciousness.

Thus ended the career of a bad man of note, for Tom had been the terror of more than one sheriff and a pistol shot beyond equal in the hills. Thus began the career of a new being, a greater problem to the community than the bad man he succeeded.

Two school teachers living on a government farm claim which stood straight up on end in the nearby brakes, heard the explosion at the climax of Tom’s attempt to thaw the dynamite.

They found him, conquered the diaphragmatic qualms incidental to their task and attempted to gather up enough of him for a decent burial. A miner from a placer diggings, three miles down the creek, arrived before they had completed their search and offered his assistance.

They carried the torn body to the teachers’ tar-paper hut in the brakes, laid him out on the slab floor and forced enough whisky down his throat to prevent his regaining consciousness even had he been so disposed. Then to satisfy the demands of the civilization of which the women still believed themselves representative, the miner was dispatched on a weary, worn-out horse to get a doctor.

Cascade City, the nearest town, was twelve miles away. The odds were even that none of the three doctors of which it boasted would be physically fit to travel.

The miner got lost in the brakes, fell off his horse and sprained his arm. He arrived in Cascade pain-racked, half-frozen, starving, delirious, twelve hours behind schedule. In another twelve hours he was able to deliver the news of Tom’s accident.

“He must be dead by this time,” judged the doctor, so he took his time about starting for Dark Canyon. The prospect was little to his liking.

**I**N the meantime, Tom Staples lay a horrible bundle on the floor of the thin-walled shack through which the blizzard swept almost unchecked.

By all the rules Staples should have died. But he didn’t.

He was alive when the physician, cursing the unfamiliar rocks and brush that

had torn his clothes and almost barred his way, threw the reins over his pony’s neck at the door of the shack. He was alive for several years afterward.

“A wonderful constitution,” the doctor diagnosed it.

“The devil didn’t want him” was the verdict of the citizenship of Cascade and so the point remained unsettled.

When Tom was able to be around again, with iron hooks where his arms had been, a special boot, padded at the toe to accommodate the half of his right foot unhurt by the explosion, and a black patch over his eye, Cascade gave him a place as assistant town marshal. His duties consisted, chiefly, of a patrol of Main Street until the last patron staggered his erring way out of Big Jack’s saloon. In this he was unassisted, for the marshal-in-chief was guardian of the comparatively peaceful day. Like a certain estimable Roman, Staples not only represented, but was the law.

There was some debate over the appointment. Cascade still was in the transitional stage between a mining camp and a mill town. Firearms still were a large item in the bills of the hardware merchants, and the conservative element of the populace entertained serious doubts concerning Tom’s value as a protector. The opposition was overruled. Staples was renamed “Hooky Tom” and duly installed as an officer of the law.

**T**HE first year of Hooky’s service demonstrated that, despite his inability to aim a pistol or move faster than a walk, he still was dangerous. A certain superstitious awe clung to him as a result of his escape from death in Dark Canyon. Those who had known him when the artillery swung from his hip, ready for action half a second quicker than that of his swiftest opponent, could not realize that the man they feared was gone; that this shell without arms was another being. His voice, a bit more harsh and strained than before, carried in it a note of command. There was never a quaver in the tone. Hooky, if the people of Cascade had judged aright, had defeated the devil. Why should he trouble himself to consider possible damage at the hands of drunken roustabouts.

Shortly after his inauguration, a gambler, who had absorbed too much questionable whisky in the Three Star Popular Dance Hall, disagreed with Hooky’s advice that he cease to block Main Street traffic. He attempted to draw a pistol but failed. Hooky laid open his head with a single blow of the twisted iron rod that served him for an arm. After that his authority, and efficiency in enforcing it, were not questioned.

\* \* \* \* \*



ONE day Hooky's alarm clock—the noise of the lumber mill crew as it shuffled like a great human centipede into the saloon over which the marshal lived—aroused him to the consciousness that his bones ached abominably, that the mere raising of the irons that hung from his shoulders was a task of no small effort.

He lifted himself unsteadily from his cot and peered from his single watery eye into the broken scrap of mirror tacked to the window frame. His face was unbeautiful even without the disfiguring scars that were his heritage of the explosion. He realized that the iron constitution which had carried him into the face of death and back again was breaking. Internal kinks and badly set bones had been making their influence felt for some time. Hooky foresaw that he was very close to the beginning of the end.

He jerked himself into his clothes with the ease that forced use of the iron hands had given him. Every movement sent a torturing twinge through his body. He washed his burning face with a coarse sponge and dried it as best he could under his handicap with a tattered gray towel. He started for the door. Everything suddenly turned vague. There was no door, no room—nothing but a darkened void ahead such as he had seen as he lay in the wreckage of his log hut in Dark Canyon.

Still he went on. He brought up short against the door frame, staggered back and fell.

His sight had returned to him when he regained consciousness. He could distinguish light from dark and moving objects from still. But the torture that racked his frame had not diminished.

Hooky leaned against the door for several minutes, fully conscious that he was facing a crisis. His future course of action troubled him. Obviously he could no longer act as guardian of the public weal if the trouble-makers suspected his condition. He might resign—and then what? He was penniless. His salary as town marshal had been barely sufficient to buy his food and clothes and a place of shelter. There were no poorhouses in the hills—no refuge for the unfortunate save the saloons, and they were overcrowded even now.

Obviously there was no great variety of choice in the consideration and Hooky's decision was a matter of a few seconds. Some day in the not far distant future he would be unable to disguise the fact that the strength was no longer behind his awe-inspiring iron hooks. Some day

a petty criminal would be able to return the malignant stare of his bleary eye and his career would be at its logical end. But until that day there would be no surrender. Hooky stumbled down the stairs to the street.

AGAINST an awning post directly before him as he swung open the door leaned a smelter hand, much the worse for alcohol. The man was singing a ditty which, in lyric, melody and sublimity of thought, was quite similar to "The Cowboy's Lament."

Hooky kicked the malefactor squarely on the gun pocket and stood grinning with a terrible distorted leer, altogether disproportionate to the situation, as the man spun around and landed heavily in the street.

"Get agoin', you!" came the grating voice of the policeman. "Get agoin', an' if yuh come back I'll tear a hole in yuh."

The inebriated one slipped silently away and Hooky threw back his shoulders. No one need know his secret.

The crisis came sooner than he had expected. A long freight train, laden with cement, stopped one day in Cascade. A son of the road, ghastly in the white cement powder which covered him from head to foot, slid out from his berth in the underpinning of a car and gasped to clear his lungs.

He was a law-breaker and his looks belied his physical condition. Hooky Tom saw him from a distance, made a brief calculation as to his probable powers of resistance and then remembered that he had sworn to uphold the civic righteousness of Cascade City, to protect its homes, to enforce its laws. Hooky crept stealthily toward the dusty one and suddenly confronted him.

"You'll have to get back to where you came from," he advised. "This ain't no place for you. You'll have to be movin'."

The dusty gentleman, with unassumed interest, regarded the battered figure before him. He knew nothing of Hooky's past reputation. He hesitated to strike a cripple, but this man obviously was a policeman—that made all the difference in the world. He sneered.

Hooky promptly aimed a blow with his right arm. There would have been bloodshed had the weapon reached its target. But the tramp was too quick.

He ducked suddenly, rising with a lunge after the iron hook had swept over his head. As he straightened, a big, dirty fist, with knuckles like rivets, landed against the scarred jaw of the marshal. Hooky blinked his one eye. His knees

shook. He knew that the fight was over.

The freight train crawled through the gateway and began its tortuous climb into the hills ten minutes later. The tramp was back under his box car, breathing again the choking dust of cement from above and gumbo ballast from below. With him went the last remnant of Hooky's soul.

HOOKEY was in a state of coma not altogether due to the pain in his swollen jaw as he shuffled back to town.

As a consequence, when three pistol shots and the crash of breaking glass in a nearby saloon electrified the street, it was sheer force of habit that carried him through the swinging doors into the smoke of the dive to a commanding position before the bar.

"What's all the shootin'?" he demanded in a voice that was not his own. He banged a dozen dents into the mahogany surface of the bar with his iron hands.

"I'm astin' yuh what's the shootin' about," he repeated. The words were uttered mechanically, but with the swaggering tone of well-established assurance. He spoke as he would have spoken had his hands been hanging from the stumps to which the iron rods were strapped and with a pair of six-shooters present to enforce his orders. But something was wrong. The bartender—psychologist by reason of close experience with human nature in the raw—had sensed it first. Now others noticed and a ripple of amusement relieved the tense atmosphere of the place.

"Cut it out, Tom," admonished the bartender with an insolence that at one time would have been suicide. "Come on up an' have a drink on the house an' don't worry about things that don't concern you."

Tom's diaphragm sank below his belt level.

"I want to know what that shootin' was about," he persisted. But now it needed no psychologist to catch the false note in his voice. The command was gone—the nerve that had made Tom Staples, wreck though he was, the master.

"It's nothin'," the bartender assured him. "Man lookin' at a pistol—gun went off—broke window—nobody hurt—much."

Tom wasn't sure what happened after that. He realized that he was being made game of, that the story of the accidental shooting was untrue, that he was afraid to force the issue. He found himself suddenly back on the sidewalk. He had been outplayed. Worse than that, he had been discovered—first by the tramp, then by a dozen or more nondescripts of the Gem bar. His secret was his no longer.

When, a day later, one Wolf Quaid, a lumber jack, was forced to leave town or stand trial on a charge of having attempted to kill a man in the Gem, Hooky's diminishing self-esteem came close to the vanishing point.

\* \* \* \* \*

KIPPIE the dog, the one bit of community property in all Cascade City, might have boasted of a long line of fearless ancestors. He was part wolf,



*His pounds of overweight seemingly no hindrance, the dog leaped.*



part bulldog, part devil, the Indians asserted. He was 99 per cent wolf, the citizens of Cascade declared, and this latter guess as to his genealogy probably was more nearly correct.

Kippie had come to Cascade City with a band of Sioux a dozen years ago. Then he was lean and handsome. He had fought his way through a pack of snarling curs to the food that had been thrown from the rear door of the Gold Nugget Hotel. Having eaten his fill, he had fallen asleep in the Gold Nugget doorstep. He had found a home and he meant to keep it.

Now, Kippie had grown fat. The lotus life of untroubled sleep, plentitude of food and lack of any necessity for going after it, had played havoc with the smooth muscles that once had rolled gracefully over his lean ribs. He was a round, brown muff that wheezed like a leaky accordion when he was excited and barked not at all.

Kippie lay in the sun before the Gold Nugget as Hooky left the Gem saloon. A bone was visible between a pair of lazy forepaws, but Tom was in no mood to notice such details.

Suddenly another dog rushed around the hotel corner. The

newcomer was a cur of doubtful genesis. The makings of a Spitz were discernible about the head. The body was dirty white, large, loose-jointed and ugly. The white dog glanced just once at the bone, then went over and captured it.

Kippie got to his feet in a drunken fashion and the fray commenced. It was brief. Kippie snapped only once,



*A pair of strange arms encompassed him. His right wrist went limp and the pistol clattered to the floor.*

snarled a long, continuous snarl—then howled several full tones off key.

The younger dog had sunk his teeth into the plastic flesh of the pampered Kippie. Forgotten was the wolfish blood that coursed through the sybarite's veins, forgotten the long line of ancestors who had died fighting as animals of the wild should die. Kippie was conscious of only two things. He had been bitten and he feared his foe.

Still howling, he backed in panic toward the stairs that led to the basement poolroom of the hotel. He tore himself loose from his assailant and tumbled, a whirling mass of torn, brown fur, to the bottom of the flight.

Tom looked on in silence. There was a lesson there, an analogy that could not fail to make its impression. Unsteadily the old miner clambered down the stairs, picked up the body of the dog, which seemed to understand the bond of common affliction, and carried it carefully to his dingy room.

"WE'RE down to hard pan, both of us, old pard," Tom told the bruised Kippie, as he attempted to remove some of the marks of the animal's disastrous combat and still more disastrous retreat. "I've been athinkin' perhaps I'd hit a pocket some day—a great  
(Continued on page 32)





# Looking Toward Minneapolis

## A Consideration of the Business before the Legion at the Next Stop after Paris and St. Louis

**I**T requires no stretch of the imagination to realize that when the chairman calls for order in the Minneapolis Auditorium at 10 o'clock on the morning of November 10, the rap of his gavel will be heard from Maine to California and from Puget Sound to Key West. To quote a newspaper editor who has been watching The American Legion develop in strength and influence throughout the country since the early beginnings in Paris and St. Louis a few months ago, the chairman's gavel will sound the formal establishment of what will be "the most important and potentially powerful institution in the history of the republic."

If the delegates from more than 5,000 local posts of the Legion who go to Minneapolis could spend a few hours thumbing the editorial clippings that have piled up at National Headquarters in these few months—comments, commendations, suggestions, warnings, hopes and predictions from editorial chairs in every nook and corner of these United States—they would be sure to board the convention specials with their civilian barrack bags packed for a pretty serious pow-wow and not at all for a picnic.

Conventions are common in our kind of republic. A convention, however, that meets for the first time, actually representing more than a million organized men and women who served their country in a world war and potentially representing four million more of their comrades, does not fall into the class of ordinary events. Perfection of the organization which this convention will represent has been the objective of all the efforts of national, state and local bodies of The American Legion since the Paris and St. Louis meetings. And at this writing the objective has been reached.

Active state branches have been established in every state in the Union. Local posts have been organized in more than 5,000 communities. Membership mounts higher toward the million mark with each day's reports from state headquarters. There remains no longer any doubt about a million membership by American Legion Day. The total will exceed that number. A North Carolina editor said a few weeks ago: "The American Legion is rapidly growing to be one." Today he could change his tense. It is.

What the convention itself will do, only the million themselves will decide. The Legion is in their hands. It will be the expression, the opinions, the wishes of the million that will echo through the convention hall and reverberate throughout the nation. No group or class or special interest that dares to intrude upon the proceedings of more than a million ex-service men, four-fifths of whom are former enlisted men and women in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps of the United States, need expect any mercy at the hands of this million's duly elected representatives, sent to Minneapolis to express their will.

**T**HESE things the convention will do, however: Establish the permanency of The American Legion and announce its future course along the lines laid out at St. Louis and Paris, as ratified or modified by the million's representatives. The first of these tasks involves the election of permanent officers, adoption of permanent policies of organization down through the state branches and local posts, methods of routine procedure, membership questions of eligibility and transfer and nomenclature of post, state and national officers, location of national headquarters, and many other matters of organization detail now held in abeyance.

The second task is one that involves the future of the Legion, with its own members and with the country at large. It is the task of declaring the Legion's policy with regard to national issues in which the welfare of the country and the welfare of its great war veterans are intermingled. Many matters of serious import to both the country and the ex-soldier—the future military policy of the United States, the bonus question, educational facilities for ex-service men and women, the future of war risk insurance, soldier land legislation—will be presented for deliberation.

Needless to say, the lobbies of the convention hall will not be empty while such subjects are weighed by the delegates of the million. Needless to say, there will be some who will go to the convention to pull chestnuts for others. Such individuals must assume the chances and consequences of rough handling. In all its deliberations and decisions, the one

motto, "Policies—Not Politics," which prevailed at St. Louis and Paris, and which has characterized the Legion's every action throughout the critical organization period, also will prevail in the Minneapolis Auditorium.

It is scarcely necessary to say that preparations are being made for The American Legion convention. Every step in the progress of the organization, since the St. Louis delegates went home and the Paris and St. Louis executive committeemen rolled up their sleeves for the job in hand, has been taken with Minneapolis in mind. With the organization work so successfully under way out in the state branches and local posts, preparations at National Headquarters for the convention have simmered down to two main tasks: the physical preparations at Minneapolis and the consideration of a program and order of business for the convention itself.

The convention arrangements at Minneapolis have been in able hands for more than a month past. Under instructions from National Headquarters and a special committee headed by Milton J. Foreman, of the Paris Executive Committee, Frederick B. Wells, chairman of the Minneapolis Convention Committee, has been perfecting plans for the reception, accommodation and entertainment of the delegates and guests when they arrive. It is expected that approximately 2,500 delegates and alternates will represent the Legion at the first convention.

**B**RIEFLY, the plans for their stay in Minneapolis are these: Each state will send a representative, probably the state secretary, to the convention city about three days in advance of the meeting to arrange with Mr. Wells and Eric Fisher Wood, the national secretary, the details attending the arrival and stay of his delegation. Each state representative will receive an allotment of accommodations for his delegation and will be charged with the task of assigning them to the individual delegates and alternates.

It is planned to have a room for the headquarters of each state delegation and committee rooms for the larger delegations. National Headquarters, according to present plans, will be at the Hotel Radisson. Information booths will be



established at necessary vantage points under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service, to assist the delegates. The convention itself will be held in the Auditorium at Eleventh and Nicollet Streets, and for the convenience of the delegates all the hotel accommodations will be located within four square blocks of the convention hall. Charts of this part of the city will be prepared for the guidance of those attending the convention.

There are, of course, multitudinous other details, which Mr. Wells and his committee are working out for the comfort and convenience of the delegates and which need not be related here.

The committee of which Mr. Foreman is chairman met in Chicago as early as August 27 last to consider the program and order of business of the convention, and the results of their deliberations already have been communicated to the state organization. The program for the three days of the convention will be as follows:

#### Monday

Convention assembles 10 a. m.

Called to order by Chairman Henry D. Lindsley.

Invocation.

Addresses of welcome—Mayor and Governor.

Reading of call for convention.

Naming of temporary chairman.

Naming of temporary secretary.

Calling the roll for the purpose of naming delegation chairmen and delegation secretaries.

Naming Committee on Credentials.

Naming Committee on Temporary Organization.

Recess.

Report of Committee on Credentials.

Report of Committee on Temporary Organization.

Designation of assistant secretaries and assistant sergeant-at-arms.

Minutes of last convention.

Appointment of committees in the following order: Committee on Rules, Committee on Permanent Organization, Committee on Constitution, Committee on Resolutions, Committee on Permanent National Headquarters, Committee on Nominations of Officers for Ensuing Year, Com-

mittee on Place for Next Annual Convention.

Announcement of time and place of committee meetings.

Adjournment.

#### Tuesday

Convention assembles at 9 a. m.

Report of Committee on Rules.

Reports of committees so far as possible in the following order: Committee on Rules, Committee on Permanent Organization, Committee on Constitution, Committee on Resolutions, Committee on Permanent National Headquarters, Committee on Nominations of Officers for Ensuing Year, Committee on Place for

### Arrangements for Delegates

Hotel space sufficient to accommodate all delegates has been reserved by the committee in charge of hotel accommodations for the Minneapolis convention of the American Legion. Reservations can only be arranged through National Headquarters, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, and not through the Minneapolis committee. In order that all states be allotted the proper space, state chairmen have been asked to forward to National Headquarters, immediately after the state conventions, a statement as to the size of the state delegation. Upon receipt of this statement National Headquarters will reserve the proper number of rooms at Minneapolis. The Minneapolis committee will be unable to make reservations for a particular hotel. Upon arrival all delegates will be met by representatives of the Minneapolis committee and conducted to their rooms.

Next Annual Convention.

Addresses by distinguished visitors.

Adjournment.

#### Wednesday

Committee reports.

Unfinished business.

New business.

THERE may be some items in the program that will be of more interest to some delegates than others, of more interest to the Legion itself

than to those not fortunate enough to be members, but there is one item alone that is of more interest than any other, perhaps, not only to every delegate and every actual and potential member of the Legion but to the entire country; it is the last—"new business."

In other words, "Where do we go from here?"

Take a back-sight along the rough road from Paris and St. Louis to Minneapolis. Since Captain Inzer's first dietary warnings, the infant has thrived remarkably well—far beyond fondest expectations. In fact, he has grown already to man's estate. An editor commenting upon the Legion's demand for a probe of court-martial cruelties recently remarked, "The young giant speaks," and added: "The politician or party that defies The American Legion on such an issue is everlastingly doomed."

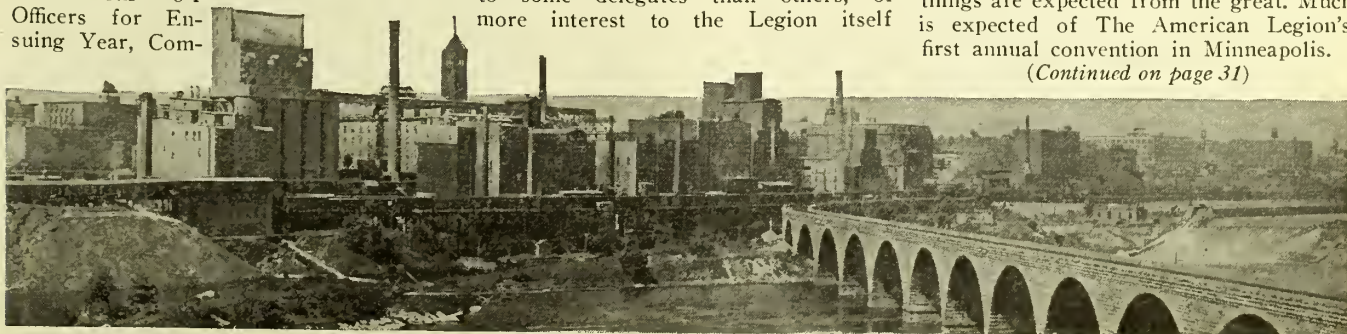
For several months it was quite a struggle, however. The skeptics withheld their comment, meantime watching the Legion develop. What was this organization going to be, and do and say? So-called rivals still hoped to take it in their fold. National Headquarters proceeded to business. State organizations began to function. Charters were issued to local posts in every state in the country. Local, state and national organizations began to express themselves along the lines and on policies outlined at St. Louis.

The skeptics grew less skeptical. The Legion was growing. Furthermore its voice was getting stronger. And it was heard and heeded. Congress granted the growing Legion the first national charter ever granted to an organization of this kind. Editors sat up in their chairs, took notice and then took pen in hand. Na-

tional Headquarters began to be consulted on this question and that of interest to the veterans of the great war. What does The American Legion think about this? became a common query in the nation's capital. The American Legion had arrived.

Which brings us back to "New business" and the suggestion that the delegates who go to Minneapolis prepare for serious business and not for a picnic. Great things are expected from the great. Much is expected of The American Legion's first annual convention in Minneapolis.

(Continued on page 31)







# THE EDITORIAL P.C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS



## The Convention Delegate

**D**ELEGATES to the Minneapolis Convention have been selected. A heavy responsibility rests upon them. They go to Minneapolis obligated to express the views of the service men who elected them. They will have to pass judgment on matters of national importance not only to men who were in service but to the whole country.

Manifestly there are issues which should be brought up at Minneapolis and there are issues which should not be. The judgment and honesty of purpose of the delegates can be depended upon to raise the barriers against invasion of partisan issues and selfish interest measures. The question of prohibition is cited as a typical example of what the Legion cannot discuss to any concrete advantage. The question of a bonus is a typical example of an issue that the delegates will have to pass upon. The future military policy of the United States; Congressional measures affecting those who were in service; the deportation of alien slackers—these and many other matters must be considered at Minneapolis. These things, in addition to the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and shaping the future course and affairs of the Legion, all involving a tremendous detailed consideration.

It is apparent that the delegate who will fulfill his obligation must set to work now. He must inform himself on current issues. He must give mature thought to current issues affecting the Legion and the country. Presumably he received, through the state convention, a definite understanding of the views and wishes on vital subjects of those whom he represents. If there is any uncertainty he must inform himself.

The delegate should be in training now. For him the Convention opens not November 10 but on the day he is elected a delegate.

## Buddies

**"W**E are bound together by a tie which is second only to the tie that binds us to our immediate family."

These were the words of a speaker at the New Hampshire State Convention. They express a truth that is the foundation of the Legion's strength. Men and women who were in service are united in The American Legion, because it brings them into association with their own kind. It brings them in contact with those who were their associates in the most stupendous, most trying experiences of any group in the course of human events. No matter how much the service may have oppressed him, no matter how severe his service, how cruel the hardships, the man who was in service will forever after have a feeling of warm affection and friendship for those who went through the same experiences with him. That is human nature. Those who were in service will always be his own special kind of people. The tie is one that will never weaken or break, for with the passing of years the old associations will only appear the finer and more heroic in retrospect.

Associates of the service are almost blood kin. The wearer of an American Legion emblem will always be at home and among friends no matter where he may travel in America.

## Bonus Bills

**T**HIRTY-SIX bonus bills have been introduced in Congress. They are nearly as different in their provisions as they are numerous. No doubt others will be added. Many of them may have originated in a sincere desire to aid the man who was in service. There are evidences that others were designed for no finer purpose than to distribute among constituents for political effect, without any thought that they would be enacted into law. Otherwise how explain the existence of several bonus bills that would bankrupt the country.

Committee hearings are not moving swiftly in the matter. Sincere Congressmen are anxious to learn the crystallized sentiment of the men who were in service. Do the majority of them want a cash bonus? Or do they favor a constructive bonus such as aid in building homes, in gaining education, in securing farms, in learning a trade or profession? Or does a combination offer a solution?

The issue is a large one. As a problem in equity it is without precedent. It is one upon which Legion members must give careful thought, for their attitude, when expressed at the Minneapolis Convention, will prove one of the determining factors in final legislation on the subject.

## Just a Reminder

**T**HIS homely basic principle of true Americanism may just as well be kept in mind: that this is a government of all the people, by all the people and for all the people, and not of any class for the benefit of any class.

## Slacker-Employers

**A** DETAILED reemployment survey of the country indicates that with demobilization practically complete there are approximately 20,000 men formerly in service who are unemployed. A considerable number of these are men whose places were not held open for them. The survey also develops a new type of slacker-employer in the man who has disposed of the soldier's old job but is willing to give him something else at a lower wage rate. For example, the shipping clerk's job has been permanently filled in the shipping clerk's absence abroad. But he can have a place juggling boxes at a fraction of his old wage scale.

These remaining 20,000 cases are going to be the difficult ones to handle. This final adjustment is not a matter for a nation-wide employment campaign but for a detailed local study of each case. It is a work in which the local posts of The American Legion can lend invaluable assistance. By listing and interviewing those who may be without work the local post's employment committee, working in conjunction with the established reemployment mediums, should be able to wipe out those 20,000 "deficiency" cases in short order.





*Albert, King  
of the  
Belgians.*



*Prince Leopold, Crown Prince of Belgium.*



*Elizabeth,  
Belgium's Queen.*

## On America's Guest Register



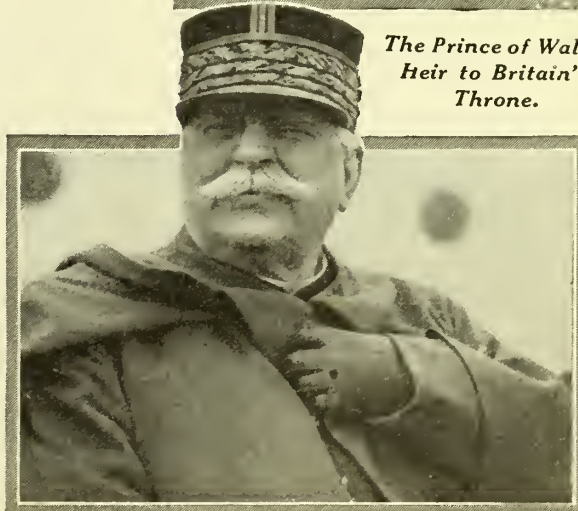
*Marshal Foch,  
Commander-in-  
Chief of the  
Allied Armies.*



*The Prince of Wales,  
Heir to Britain's  
Throne.*



*President Pessoa, of Brazil,  
and His Wife and  
Daughter.*



*Marshal Joffre,  
Idol of France.*



# Training Latin-American Invaders

Language, Trade, People and Geography Are in Curriculum of Preparedness for Latin America

By

R. WILLIAM RIIS

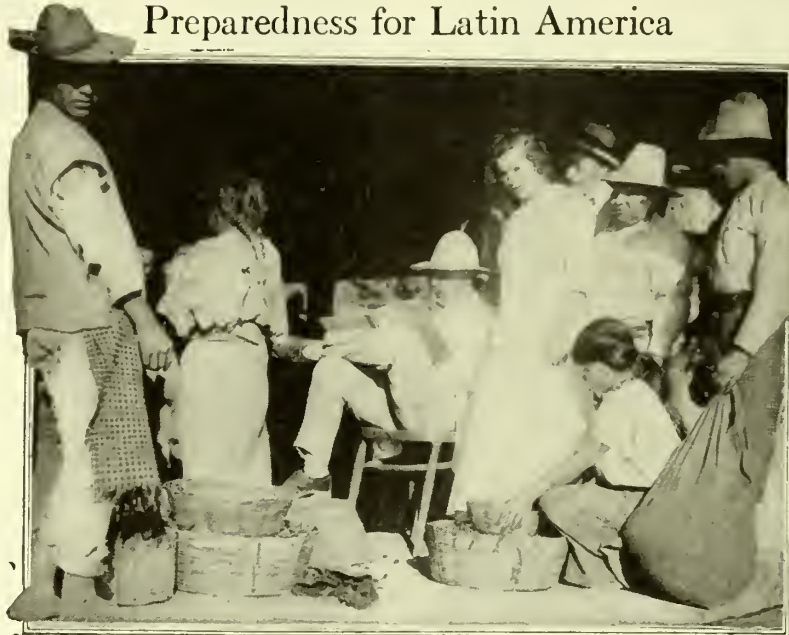
**B**EFORE you can play any game, you have to know what to do and how to do it. That is true no less of work in South America. Before you can plunge into any business or profession in that country you must first know what it is you need in the way of experience and knowledge, and then you must get it. If you begin to study after you have started to work, it will prove an expensive delay.

Suppose, then, you have weighed carefully the dangers and the prizes of a South American career. Suppose the many disadvantages are outweighed, in your estimation, by the possible rewards, and you definitely decide that the field looks good to you. Take first the field of trade. In order to get the right start, you need four elements of training, two of which can be acquired by study and two of which are up to you. They are: a knowledge of Spanish, a knowledge of trade, the quality of comprehension, and a strong morale. Before discussing the methods of acquiring these necessary elements, let us explain them a little more fully. Their importance is so great they will bear repetition.

Spanish is essential. To be sure, French also is widely spoken by Latin-American business men, but if the newcomer can talk to them in their own language it is just so much gained. Put yourself in the Latin's place. If two men came into your office with the same proposition, would you do business with the one who spoke English or with the one who spoke Spanish?

A knowledge of trade is implied, of course, in the man who wants to be a trader. But it is a deceptive phrase. There is no such thing as a single, concrete subject of "trade," which can be learned as one learns arithmetic or spelling. The borders of trade are not defined sharply, so that you can point to them and say, "This is trade, and that is not trade." The study of trade is a combination of the studies of salesmanship, accounting, commercial law, advertising, markets, manufacturing, transportation and industrial geography, among other things.

This does not mean you have to know as much about every one of these subjects as does the specialist in each; it does mean you should have more than a speaking acquaintance with them, and the more



(C) Underwood & Underwood.

*The coffee bean passes through many processes before it becomes a factor in American export trade. This is one of them—weighing.*

This concludes the series of articles written to help men formerly in service who may be considering a peaceful invasion of Latin America. In each article Mr. Riis has shown that it is a game that cannot be played without a clear knowledge of the rules. In the final articles he tells how and where the rules may be learned.

the better. In some, of course, you must be better versed than in others; for instance, you should know all there is to know about salesmanship and markets; but you will not require so much about manufacturing and accounting. Commercial law affords a general legal knowledge of rights and obligations in Latin America, which are quite different from our own. It includes patents, copyrights and commercial contracts in general. The value of such study is not difficult to see. In selling goods you do not merely take an order and close the deal. There are many details as to delivery, packing, demurrage, date and manner of payment, and so on, all of which you must arrange with an eye to the customer's convenience and also to your firm's rights and responsibilities.

**W**HAT you know about transportation will help you. For example, in Bolivia much of the carrying of goods is by means of llamas, and in order to be packed successfully on these animals the goods must be in small packages, not in great bales. Here again, in knowing what kind of transportation to prepare

for, you touch on the realm of industrial geography, and that leads you around to the questions of what sections of the continent demand what goods, where the climate is tropical and where it is arctic, whether it is Peru or Ecuador whose population is only two per cent white, and, whichever it is, whether the Indian element likes bright colored cloth or not. And there you are over into the subject of markets again. So it goes. There are a dozen different divisions to the study of trade, and each of them is bound up with all the others. But the mastery of them comes with study. You can

learn them in office and classroom. The "quality of comprehension," however, you cannot so learn. It must come from within yourself, and it is as essential to the creation and maintenance of a big clientele as any of the other three elements mentioned. By that phrase is meant the quality in a man that keeps him from being filled with scornful mirth at anything which is slightly different from what he is accustomed to. Volumes could be written—have been written, indeed—on the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin ways of viewing life, and upon the certainty of failure attendant upon the Anglo-Saxon who persists in disregarding the customs of the Latin with whom he wants trade.

Clayton S. Cooper sums the fact up in the statement that the Anglo-Saxon takes the shortest road while the Latin takes the prettiest. The writer of this article was connected during the war with the Naval Intelligence and had occasion to read a great many cablegrams to and from South American merchants. It was a revelation to see how a Latin approaches his subject.

"I have the honor to state that the consignment of goods shipped by your excellency has arrived in good condition," these men cable. A Yankee, keeping in mind the fact that he was paying about half a dollar or so for each word, would say, "goods arrived." But the niceties of life, politeness, friendliness, and elaborate good manners, mean everything to the Latin-American, with his Oriental and Spanish inheritance. That fact must be taken into account. It is fatal for the salesman to parade through the streets of South American cities with an American flag in his buttonhole and upon his lips the ready words, "Well, now, in good



old Uncle Sam's land we do it this way, which is much better."

You have to keep foremost in your mind the fact that you are a stranger asking a favor. You won't get it by offending your customer at the start. Don't question their ways—adopt them. In many respects the Latins are far ahead of us, and who shall say which civilization is the better?

**T**HE last element necessary for South American venture has been called "a strong morale." This has been explained in a previous article, but it is well to remember what it means.

"South America," says one man, experienced in Chilean mines, "either makes or breaks you. If you can stand the temptations of an easier, less vigorous way of life, it will make you. If you are a 'weak sister' and indulge, you're a 'goner.'"

You will be far from home, with no friends to talk about you if you stray from the straight and narrow. You will find opportunities for dissipation easier than they are here. But if you value your chances of success, you will keep your eyes in the boat.

Such, in brief, are the chief requisites. Now, how to get them? What is the quickest and most practical way?

First—and emphatically—make your start in this country. Needless to say, you will not get a chance to do otherwise unless you have your own capital, because no firm is going to send down a "green" man. If you have your own capital, commence here anyway. There is a great deal to be learned about the business without setting foot outside the United States. Here you will find three sources of information: the business itself, the universities, and the Latin-American element in our cities. Use them all.

The usual way of going about it is to get a job, almost any kind of a job, in the office of one of the firms that deal with South America. Learn all you can about every branch of the work; make friends in different departments and have lunch with them, and get them to tell you about their specialty. If you are in the sample department, where you probably will start in a big firm, become so proficient in handling samples that the management will transfer you to the order department, and then to the traffic and shipping department. All the time, keep yourself headed toward foreign work. Pick up all you can that touches on that end of the business. In a small firm this will be easier, of course, because the departments are not so distinct, but what you learn may not be as correct. It is a safe principle to follow, first to acquire the efficient methods of an experienced and successful big house, and then to branch out with a younger firm and grow

with it, lest you be lost in the machinery of the larger concern.

That will occupy your day. In the evening (it is no life of leisure if you are in earnest about it) go to the courses that are offered by universities and colleges all over the country.

**A**T the various places of learning you will find excellent instruction in all the various branches of trade. For example, at Columbia University in New York you will find these courses available:

Salesmanship, one evening a week, from 7.40 to 9.30 o'clock. Fee, \$12.

Latin-American commercial law, one evening a week. Fee, \$12.

Marketing of manufactured products, one evening a week. Fee, \$18.

Psychology of advertising and selling, one evening a week. Fee, \$18.

Merchandising research, one evening a week, from 4.30 to 6.10 o'clock. Fee, \$18.

Marketing methods in foreign trade, one evening a week, from 5.20 to 7 o'clock. Fee, \$18.

Latin America; people, government, resources, and industry, transportation and commerce. Fee, \$18.

These are only a few of the seventy-five courses offered in the Columbia Evening Business School, and much the same ones, although perhaps not in such abundance, will be found in universities everywhere. Washington University has them. So have Northwestern, Boston, Leland Stanford, the Y. M. C. A., and Georgetown, among others. The latter has just received \$20,000 from the chairman

of the National Foreign Trade Council to start a trade school, as a result of the success of the foreign service courses. It is a sign of the times that these courses are reporting this autumn the largest registration in their history.

Finally, there is the Latin-American element within our gates. In New York City there are fifty thousand such people. They have their own social life and their own common interests. The men gather daily at the Spanish restaurants for lunch. Get to know them. It will not be difficult once you are in their business. Go to their restaurants and listen to their talk and ask them questions. You will find them delightfully polite and most eager to oblige you. Practice your Spanish on them. It probably will make them laugh, which will help to make them like you. For it is through them that you will make a start toward establishing the connections which you must have when you go south.

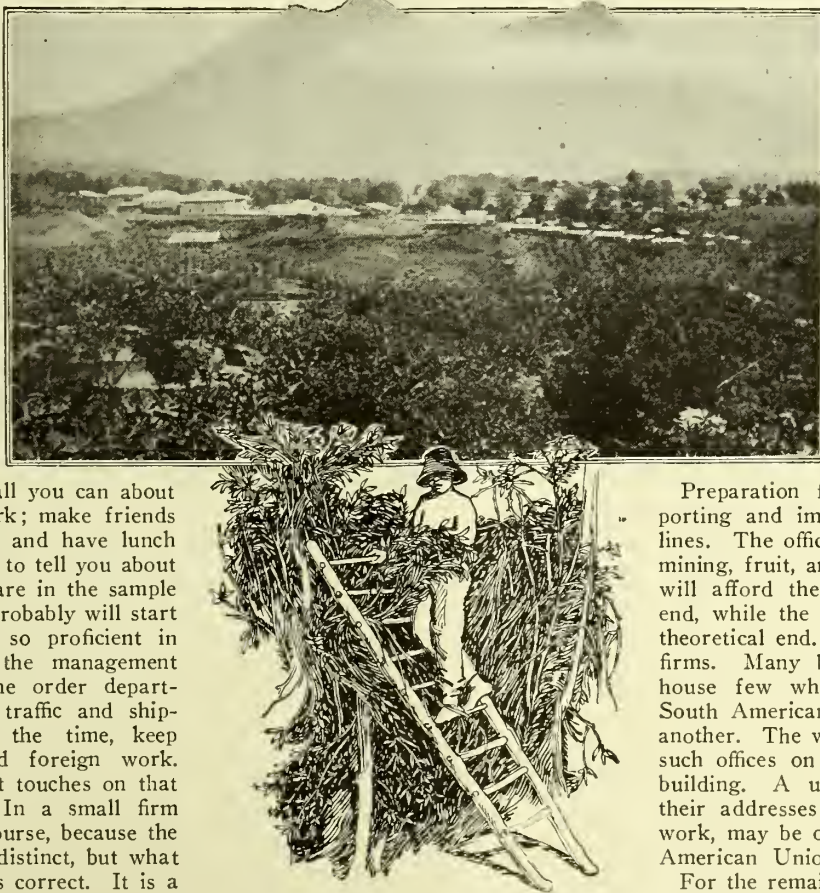
**N**O one can estimate the proportion of business that is done through connections and friendships. Latins are even more skeptical than we are of dealing with strangers because they rely so much upon their opinion of the individual who presents the proposition, to the detriment, sometimes, of the intrinsic value of the proposition itself.

It is hardly necessary to say that none of these three approaches is sufficient unto itself. Just as you cannot learn to drive an automobile by studying its parts in a garage, you cannot expect to learn

to be a good salesman by studying salesmanship in a classroom. On the other hand, in case of an emergency on the road your knowledge of the parts is likely to prove invaluable. Again, you cannot succeed in South America solely by talking and eating with the Latins in New York, but, as has been said, acquaintance with them is very necessary. Therefore, employ every method possible.

Preparation for work other than exporting and importing follows the same lines. The offices of the big contracting, mining, fruit, and development companies will afford the training in the practical end, while the schools will give you the theoretical end. It is easy to locate such firms. Many buildings in New York house few who are not promoters of South American projects of one sort or another. The writer recently visited nine such offices on three floors of the same building. A useful list of them, with their addresses and the nature of their work, may be obtained through the Pan-American Union in Washington, D. C.

For the remainder—work. In 1914 our South American trade amounted to about \$347,000,000; last year it totalled nearly \$900,000,000. That is considerable business. Rightly handled it spells success.



*The largest coffee farm in Guatemala, where four thousand persons cultivate seven thousand acres.*



# S P O R T

## Edited By Walter Trumbull

### Football in the South

By Walter Camp

SOUTHERN football was hit by the war as strongly as that of any other section, and it was therefore all the more creditable that Georgia Tech should have made such a good showing at Pittsburgh—a showing which the score did not really indicate. As the writer stated in his review of the season, the Georgia Tech team, under Heisman, came north and, "chilled to the bone in the northern cold on a blustery day and on a field that was very slippery, were badly handicapped." They showed good football, and Flower, had he had a dry field, would have converted more than one of his runs into a long one.

Football was also hit hard in the South by the influenza, which came as it did in other sections at a most critical time of the season. For all this, the teams which took the field made a very excellent showing and both under University colors and under the S. A. T. C. developed men who were quite on a par with the former high record of the South.

Ripple and Wagoner were stars of the South Atlantic section, and Crisp, of V. P. I., maintained the standard of quarterback play, while Silverstein, of Washington and Lee, was a splendid fullback. Thomas, the tackle of Virginia Military Institute, was also a good man, as well as Bosley, of Maryland State, and Gant, the tackle of the University of North Carolina.

And football starts out in the South this year under the most promising auspices. When one thinks of the record of the South in the names of some of the players of the past, it is easy to see how football has taken hold there, and how many real stars have been developed. It will be remembered that the all-conquering Pittsburgh team last year was stopped by the Cleveland Naval Reserve and in that Cleveland Naval Reserve two men who did the greatest damage to Pittsburgh chances were Ducote, formerly of Auburn, and Harlan, of Georgia Tech. When we remember men like the Vandergraafs, of Alabama; Hurdage, of Vanderbilt; Costello, of Georgetown; Jordan, of Texas; Pierroti, of Washington and Lee; Tandy, of North

Carolina; McWhorter, of Georgia; Henry, of Baylor; Stovall, of Louisiana; Ray Morrison, of Vanderbilt; Carpenter, and more recently Rodgers, of West Virginia; McFarland, of Rice; Alexander, of Texas A. and M.; Miller, of Texas Christian University, one sees something of the standard to which the South is living up, and the fact that the most of the teams have high-grade coaches promises much for the season of 1919. Why not a return of the day when the University of Virginia came up from Charlottesville and beat Yale?

One can gather some idea of the development of football in the South from the list of coaches. Men like John Heisman, who came from Pennsylvania; Mike Donahue, who came from Yale; Ray Morrison, one of the stars of the South

southern teams were on the gridiron at Waco, Clemson College, Richmond, Greenville, Athens, Atlanta, Lexington, which had two or more games; Baton Rouge, Columbia, Houston, Knoxville, Austin, Charlottesville, Morgantown and Spartanburg. On October 11, Tuscaloosa, Waco, Atlanta, Athens, Baton Rouge, Marietta, Richmond, St. Louis, Nashville, Charlottesville, Lexington and Blacksburg all had good southern contests. And these contests will multiply throughout the season until by the end of November Birmingham, Sherman, Fort Worth, Greenville, Atlanta, Athens, Lexington, Chapel Hill, Houston, St. Louis, Columbia, College Station, Texas, New Orleans, Nashville, Roanoke, Morgantown and Charleston will all have big Thanksgiving games.

As to the definite prospects of football in the South during the present season, they were never better. Some of the notables are lost, it is true. The report is that Ducote, already mentioned, will not return to the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, but expects to go into professional baseball. However, Mike Donahue is resourceful and while the loss of this star is a disappointment, Donahue will, as formerly, build up a fighting aggregation. Georgia Tech has, of course, dominated the southern field for some seasons and there is a great desire at Nashville that Vanderbilt may regain something of her old prestige. Heisman has done wonders with Georgia Tech and has two-thirds of his

squad of 1917 back this season. Harlan, already mentioned as playing on the Cleveland Naval Reserves, is back for Heisman's backfield, and Phillips, 1917, is on hand.

At Vanderbilt, where McGugin has Cody, probably the best and certainly the most powerful lineman of the South, as his star tackle, he will build around him an aggregation that is already looked forward to as possessing some of the power of former Vanderbilt teams. The University of Georgia will also come back, having abandoned football for two years; and the report is that Day, the Georgia Tech center, who was picked for All America last year, will be at the University of Georgia. Altogether it looks like one of the best of southern football seasons.

*On one dreaming day in Springtime, as I lay beneath a tree,  
A quaintly-colored insect took a strange regard for me,  
So, reaching out to where he plodded slowly 'cross my knee,*

*I brushed him off.*

*In an oozing hole in Flanders, 'mid a scorching man-made Hell,  
Was a pale-eyed man in khaki, thinking things too strange to tell;  
When, as quick as flash from Heaven, came a malice-screaming shell*

*And brushed him off. . . .*

*One day, when He has wearied of the pettiness of man,  
He shall reach from out His wondrous place, where everything began,  
Out between the turning spheroids of His undiminished plan—*

*And brush us off. . . .*

—Donald Barr.

who served under McGugin, pupil of Yost, of Michigan; Verne Whitney, Ohio State; McIntire, of West Virginia; E. Donahue, Washington and Lee; Stanley Robinson, of Colgate; Leonard Hilty, of Pittsburgh; Rademacher, of Chicago; Godbey, of Wisconsin; also Buser, of Wisconsin; Schulte, of Michigan; Best, of Lafayette, and Juneau, of Wisconsin.

The principal games in which southern teams will play this season are also indicative of the enormous interest. The southern teams opened the season with Davis and Guilford at Winston-Salem on September 20, and a dozen southern teams were in action on September 27 at Atlanta, West Raleigh, Charlottesville, Lexington, Wake Forest and Morgantown. On Saturday, October 4, nearly forty



# The Test of Manhood

Living for One's Country Is Nearly as Courageous  
as Dying for It, if High Ideals Are the Goal

**T**HE boys who have come back from over the seas will, of course, find it somewhat difficult to settle down to the humdrum life of ordinary American citizens unless they bear in mind that the home work now is as important, necessary and patriotic as was the work of the soldier during the war.

As an outdoor man, a man who never spends less than two months in camp every year, a man who travels and knocks around in all manner of places, who is often alone weeks at a time with "smoky" Indians, traveling by canoe, sleeping in tents or without them, the writer can fully appreciate the restlessness and unsettled feeling of the boys returning from the foreign camps. In their case it is even more difficult to settle down than it is with the ordinary outdoor man, because even the excitement of shooting rapids in a canoe, or hunting the moose, or killing grizzlies, cannot possibly be as exciting and thrilling as the terrible ordeals which the degenerate Huns forced our boys to experience.

But, notwithstanding all this, they must try to remember they have a wonderful and unique opportunity now to emblazon on the pages of history a peace record which will, if anything, eclipse their splendid war record.

Those who have not been disabled, who have not lost limbs or eyes, are better men today than they were before the war. They are the huskiest, cleanest physically, mentally and morally, bunch of men the world has ever seen. They have the pep, the vigor, and the ability, to mould their own future and to so direct this nation that it will rear itself above the level of other nations, as Mount McKinley does above the foothills of Alaska.

Our institutions are more elastic than those of other nations and freer from obsolete traditions, traditions which act like clogs on the heels of progress. All our traditions favor progress.

**W**E need men in the outdoor world, we need men in the farming districts, men with new thoughts and new ambitions, men that can raise farming up to a place wherein the farmer will occupy a social position equal to that of any in the land. The soldier boys can do it; they can do anything!

When I say this I am speaking in no exaggerated terms, for youth and health, when fired by ambition, can upset the world. Our boys have proved that their ideals are high, and there is room for high ideals in the professions, in the business world and in the trades.

It is their duty to fight tooth and nail all the weakening propaganda issued by side-steppers, dead-beats and unprincipled Huns, propaganda which serves to sap one's honor, to undermine one's industry, to absorb one's pep. Our young men form too great a body to stoop to the dishonorable, unfair tactics of those



(C) Paul Thompson.

By DAN BEARD

Dan Beard, whose name is known to every boy who has played Indian and every man who has tramped a trail, says that the men who have come back from war can do anything—that youth and health when fired by ambition can move the world. Mr. Beard spends much of his time in the open and he knows how hard it is to do humdrum indoor things, but he believes that the men who fought have an opportunity to achieve a peace record which will eclipse their war record.

who would rob our great nation of its exalted position, and ability to lead the world. Remember the great things you fought for and keep on with your fight to make democracy safe.

It is necessary for a fellow to have some such high ambition and motive in order that he may be happy and do good work, whether that work be shoveling dirt, keeping books, surveying, tending counter, doing office work, delving into law, science or philosophy. Every man who labors, in whatever capacity it may chance to be, if he does it primarily to be of use to mankind, is working for democracy, is working for a bigger, better world.

Nobody wants perfunctory work, "that will do" sort of labor, such as is done by men devoid of ambition, men who have lost heart, men who are misfits. Perfunctory work is *not* done by the class of men we have seen marching along

in uniform, with serious faces and springing step unspoiled by the applause of the multitude.

Do not make any mistake; there is not a frosty-headed man who was compelled to stay at home because of the age limit who would not now gladly trade places with any of you men with service stripes. No matter how eminent the white-headed man may be, he would gladly trade his fame, his wealth and his years for the youth, the vigor and the splendid record of almost any one of the enlisted men.

**R**EMEMBER that it is not easy for a college boy to settle down in a humdrum business life, and it is difficult for a school boy to make up his mind to go to work.

This country offers opportunities of all kinds, but I know of no certain way to accumulate riches, to win laurels, or even to attain a modest position in society, without hard and continuous labor. We cannot dodge it, and, if we could, the end obtained without it would not be worth while.

But there is not one of you who cannot be happy while he is working. You enlisted men from over the seas are better equipped to enjoy life than you were before the war, you have the advantage of foreign travel, the broadening influence of meeting people of other nationalities, of being engaged with great bodies of men in great work.

You have learned to take care of yourselves individually, to take care of your health and your morals (which go hand in hand with health), you have learned to respect all sorts of religion, and to respect each other; you are better men every way than you were before you enlisted, and the only thing that makes you restless and dissatisfied is that you feel the lack of the accustomed excitement which was the constant accompaniment to your life in the trenches, in the camps, or even the hospitals.

You miss the hum of the enemy's airplane, the screech of the shell; not that you loved these things, but because you miss the excitement caused by the knowledge of the possible—aye, the probable results of these instruments of destruction—a knowledge which thrilled the hearts of the most phlegmatic among you and tended to keep your nerves keyed up in much the same manner as are the nerves of the drug addict.

In both cases the nerves become accustomed to the unnatural excitement and demand a continuance of it. The case of the drug addict is difficult to cure, but that is not so with the returned soldier, for the cure lies in himself. If on his homecoming the peaceful life appears dull and gray by contrast, it is up to him to put color and brightness in it. He alone can do it.

We outdoor men understand all this,  
(Continued on page 30)





# The Port of Missing Barrack Bags

## Also of Trunk Lockers, Bedding Rolls and Suitcases

By RUSSEL M. CROUSE

Is your baggage missing? Have you failed in your effort to find a lost barrack bag, trunk locker, bedding roll or suitcase? The mystery may be solved by communication with Lost Baggage Branch, Pier 2, Hoboken, N. J., where 200,000 pieces of baggage lie unclaimed. The letter should contain an accurate description of the missing baggage and its contents.

More than five hundred persons are now engaged in the task of bringing about reunions between property and owner. Each day they pore over the huge banks of dunnage, prying here and there in search of a clue of value. The clues are many, but they are of the intangible sort, the kind that will prove available only with the aid of the owner.

THE hundreds of objects which tumble from a barrack bag when it is opened would be easy of identification to the owner of them. There are letters that any doughboy would recognize in a moment and through them be able to claim the rest of his possessions. But to the searchers they are just letters from "Somewhere in America," for, stripped of their return addresses, the signature, "Mother," doesn't open up much of a trail, nor does the news that "the Newberrys have moved over on Pine Street,"

for there are many crops of Newberrys and as many forests of Pine Streets.

There are photographs by the thousands, but the principal avenue of photographic identification, the Bertillon system, doesn't loom up as a possible solution, for it doesn't hold the pictures of the babies the men who went to France left in their homes here, nor the pictures of "the girl."

Even the fingerprint system is impractical for adoption in this new problem.

If the man who carried as a souvenir that old French bell, despite its weight, could have seen it lying on the floor of Pier 2 the other day when his barrack bag was emptied in a vain search for his name and address, he could have claimed the hairbrush and the safety razor and the flocks of other things that were with it.

The man who owns the picture of the smiling blonde belle who wore a rose at her bosom when she posed for the photographer, would do well not to bring the original with him in his search for his trunk locker. She might see the picture of the French girl, whose eyes flash even in reproduction, for the two pictures tumbled out together in the hunt for a name and address, and they might do so again.

The Dental Corps might come to the rescue with those plates of mouths they recorded when civilians were becoming soldiers early in the war. Clearer than any fingerprint are the marks of teeth on a plug of hardened tobacco that was found in one bag.

STRANGE are the stories some of the possessions tell. There's a pair of boxing gloves—tied to a book of poetry.

PILED high on the piers at Hoboken, N. J., are the missing 200,000 that never reached the casualty lists. Inanimate and helpless they lie, some totally unable to give account of themselves, others able to establish their identity, but either devoid of knowledge of their addresses or unable to proceed to them alone.

It isn't aphasia nor shell-shock, for it isn't of record that baggage ever suffered either of the two. And these 200,000 missing are pieces of baggage, barrack bags, trunk lockers, bedding rolls and suitcases.

Touching upon the blame only lightly and dealing in purely general terms, perhaps the best way to explain the cause of their predicament is to lay it to "the rush of war." It is only fair to say that now the Government is making a very earnest effort to unravel the thousands of tangles that have separated service men from their belongings.

The three piers where the work of again establishing contact between the owner and the property goes on present a picturesque scene. Everywhere is baggage. Barrack bags, which range in color from the robin's egg to the shade of a sailor's uniform, are banked in towering stacks. Trunks, some camouflaged in reality and others merely appearing so by reason of much travel, are lined up in long rows. Bedding rolls have their share of space, and suitcases, too.

Barrack bags predominate. There are 145,000 of them. Trunk lockers number 27,500, and there are 20,000 bedding rolls and 7,500 suitcases.





*The unclaimed barrack bags are piled high—145,000 of them. All day long searchers delve into them for clues of ownership.*

There's a pincushion with art designs in embroidery that would make an Italian cathedral seem as plain as the old red barn. There's a collar that couldn't possibly be worn with anything but "civies."

There is the pathos of disappointment and the joy of reconciliation in the scenes that are being enacted every day on the baggage-laden piers.

One thin, worn doughboy, evidently not long out of hospital sheets, searched for hours among the mountain ranges of barrack bags recently. It was late afternoon when he gave up the hunt. On his way down the pier he cast searching glances along the aisles.

Suddenly he caught sight of a miniature foot protruding from a bag. He made a dive for it. A tiny doll emerged from the opening. It might as well have been his own child, the greeting it received. Deeper delving brought out other possessions and the doughboy went away nearer health and happiness than he had been for months.

In contrast is the case of the sergeant who found his bag within five minutes after he had reached the pier. There it was staring him in the face.

Objects are continually falling from the bags, in the handling and jostling. They are placed in piles, a record being made of the vicinity in which they were found on the pier. Many a man has found his baggage by discovering in one of these stacks of stray articles a letter or a picture or a souvenir of some sort, then tracing the receptacle from which it dropped.

Walking along the pier recently, Captain Walker stepped on an unusually large letter. He looked at its address and found that the name tallied with that of a man on duty at the port. He communicated with the man, the barrack bag from which the letter had slipped was found and the soldier got his possessions, among which was an Italian war medal that he prized highly. He had been on duty within a

few hundred feet of the baggage, which had been missing for months.

**T**HE little things sometimes seem to have made the deepest marks on the memories of the service men. A string of beads, a cluster of German buttons, an initialed wooden box, a strand of ribbon and many other ordinarily inconspicuous articles have been the means of identification and the road to the recovery of valuable property.

There are outbursts of joy and there are storms of fury in the searches. Some who have failed to find their property have delivered denunciatory bits of oratory that left the air in the vicinity of Hoboken a deep, dark blue for hours after they had left.

One day a doughboy was in the midst of a peroration which was as fiery as the coals underneath a boiler when he stopped suddenly to exclaim:

"Oh, here it is now. I'll take it back."

Most of those who fail in their hunt are silent, though, and it's a silence that breathes pathos.

The reunions are being effected at a rate of about five thousand a week. That rate of reclamation isn't clearing the piers very rapidly, however, for each boat brings a new cargo of the unclaimed. About 75,000 or 100,000 pieces of baggage remain to be brought over from France.

**H**UNDREDS of the articles never will revert to their owners. There are many who have lost interest, many who have forgotten, many who have despaired, and some—well, a large part of the baggage now at Hoboken was taken from the first troops that went to France and hundreds of those boys "went west."

The principal reason for the unusual



jam is the rush which attended the preparation of the baggage for shipment. When the first troops that went over were sent to the front they were told to assemble their personal property for shipment to the States. They did it hurriedly. Some of them forgot to put names and addresses in the baggage.

In transit other "casualties" were suffered by the baggage and many pieces that started with clear addresses landed with blurred ones or none at all. Then, of course, there were the usual mixups which accompany all large baggage shipments, affairs which any baggage man will give you as the reasons for his gray hair and wrinkled brow.

The Government is making a systematic effort to find the owners. The baggage is listed, with its description, when it leaves an incoming ship. It is assigned to a section of a pier. If the name and address of the owner are found he is notified. If he can send a description which tallies with that recorded, the baggage is sent to him at government expense.

More than five hundred men are at work every day at the three piers trying to find traces that will lead to the owners. There are twenty-six officers, fifty-three enlisted men and 430 civilians. They may be found or addressed at Lost Baggage Branch, Pier 2, Hoboken, N. J.

The task of finding that lost barrack bag or trunk locker isn't quite as difficult as the celebrated case of the needle which vanished without trace in a stack of hay; but, on the other hand, for case, it isn't just exactly to be compared with sitting on a log.



# Government by Deficit

## Congress Will Spend \$36,000,000,000 This Year Without Aid of a Budget System

**T**HE United States has no system worthy of the name for getting at the probable cost of its activities from year to year.

There are ten departments, each calling for what it thinks its own financial needs will be. There are twenty-nine committees of Congress, each with power to start money measures. Responsibility is scattered. The system is open to log-rolling and "pork grabbing." An unjustifiably high cost of government is the result from "this business, which is everybody's business."

It has long been undisputed that unbusiness-like methods caused a government waste of \$300,000,000 yearly, even before the war. Then Congress spent one billion a year, and was considered expensive. For this year the expenditure is \$36,000,000,000, a figure the mind cannot very well grasp.

There are the waste of inefficiency, the waste of irresponsibility, and the unheard of wastes of the war. What is the remedy for the future? There is one remedy endorsed by hundreds of thinking men, and denounced by none, and yet Congress is slow to take it up. That remedy is a national budget system.

What is meant by a national budget system, and what will it accomplish? A national budget law, as proposed, would make the President, as well as Congress, responsible for the cost of government.

A national budget law would create a Bureau of the Budget, which would, on behalf of the President, receive estimates from all departments, correlate them, and correct them in accordance with business principles. A budget so prepared would be presented to Congress by the President. He would be responsible for the budget of estimates as drawn, and responsible for the estimated tax levy.

The majority of advocates of budget reform would then have all money bills in Congress considered by one committee rather than by various of the aforementioned twenty-nine committees.

The Government is spending thirty-six billions this year, although Congress has appropriated only twenty-seven billions. For such proceedings ours has long been called "a government by deficit."

**T**HE mounting high cost of government is shown by the following annual appropriations for the past decade: 1908, \$918,362,329; 1909, \$986,251,257; 1910, \$1,028,506,570; 1911, \$976,742,924; 1912, \$979,382,852; 1913, \$967,123,359; 1914, \$1,053,592,981; 1915, \$1,116,118,138; 1916, \$1,114,937,012; 1917, \$1,625,484,995; 1918, \$18,892,027,501; 1919, \$27,092,094,720.

The undisputed waste was thirty per cent before the war, and the gap is open for the same waste since the war. The veterans of the war, as citizens, share responsibility for the care of disabled veterans, and they will share in other reconstruction expenses. They will, therefore, have more than ever an interest in

By **CHARLES D. KELLEY**

efficient government. It will be their particular interest to see that the war shall not be made the alibi for further waste of public money, and that the past waste shall not be allowed to veto future legitimate expense.

The criticism for lack of business methods is not directed at any particular administration or party. Because the system, or lack of it, has always existed.

We are the only civilized country without a real budget. The hopelessness of the system caused one American economist to declare: "Compared with the exact and minute English budget control, our methods seem like the ignorant and disorderly practices of barbarians."

Recently governors of twenty-two states united in an appeal to Congress for

itself. The extent to which the people of any country are taxed, or are to be taxed, should be definitely and positively fixed in a budget, and the Government be compelled to conduct its affairs economically.

**I** KNOW that lack of a budget, as now, permits all sorts of appropriations to be made that are not justified. These appropriations, brought about by log-rolling to a greater or lesser extent, by political and local ambitions, are without regard to the economy which the Executive Department of the Government might earnestly desire to be carried out. Indeed the present budgetless system prevents Congressmen who are in favor of economy from being effectively heard. We must have such a system of check and balances between the legislative and executive branches.

"While the Government of the United States ought to be conducted on a progressive basis, and should not hesitate to make expenditures which will promote the well-being of the country and which look to productive enterprises, I know there are many expenditures which are wasteful and ought to be cut off, and would be with the budget system, because they would not be able to stand the light of day before the Budget Bureau.

"National waste or national extravagance has a tendency to lead to private waste and extravagance, and if there is a lesson of importance in America, it is the lesson of economy and avoidance of waste, and particularly the wasteful expenditure due to false pride and not based on sound, common sense and rugged, independent self-respect.

"Twenty-five million Americans have learned the lesson of investing in government securities. It is a saving system and it is to be hoped that this spirit of thrift will grow. The Government should set the example. The American Legion can help the Government do this by pressure for this reform."

The two systems, our present one and the budget, are as wide apart as the poles, and yet the step from one to the other is not necessarily difficult. To institute the budget system in our Government is not going to cause any upheaval in our national life. The proposed reform is in the peculiar position of having undisputed merit but no backers. There is, of course, the Budget League, which is responsible for much of the propaganda which has been spread on the subject. But it has no political supporters who have its interest at heart and steadily hammer its advantages into Congressional attention.

There was once a gentleman who walked around Jericho and blew his trumpet seven times; the walls did not fall on the first blast but they did fall on the seventh. What the budget system needs is the seventh blast.

### Direct Action

**THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY'S** exposure of the Federal Board for Vocational Education has come to the attention of Congress. On the information contained in the two articles, "A Debt of Honor Paid with a Worthless Check" and "A Pledge That Must Be Redeemed," Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, has introduced a resolution calling for an investigation of the Board. The resolution asks the appointment of a committee of six members of the House to conduct the investigation and gives the Speaker power to issue subpoenas for persons whose testimony is desired.

this reform. "Under our present system," said Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, "it is impossible to obtain an analytical prospective of our annual finances until the report of the Secretary of the Treasury is printed fully five months after the money is spent and the accounts closed."

Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, has written after years of personal observation:

"A budget system has become an absolute necessity if the Government expects to make any honest appeal for national and individual economy. The high cost of living has compelled people to revise their personal budgets, and the Government likewise must change its method of business to reduce the high cost of government. It's a peculiar government which preaches thrift in the sale of thrift stamps and then fails to practice thrift



# Scenes of a Year Ago



*First Division Headquarters Kitchen.*

*Painted by W. J. Aylward*



*Engineer Camp near Flirey.*

*Painted by W. J. Aylward*



# BURSTS and DUDS



Customer: "Bowl of oyster soup, two scrambled eggs, coffee, and brown bread."

Waiter, an Ex-Soldier: "Marines in the mud, two squads, deploy 'em, cup o' reveille and colored shock troops."

A general in the A. E. F. found his ration train held up by a slow-moving mule driven by a sleepy negro. "Get a move on you!" he shouted.

"Sorry, boss," replied the negro. "Dis mule ain't got but two moves, an' de other's slower dan dis one."

A minister went to preach at a camp, but was held up by the sentry.

"Give the password," was the order.

"I've been sent to preach to you boys," replied the dominic. "If you will give me the countersign I'll cut five minutes off my sermon."

He got through.

"Have any of you a very old uniform?" asked the sergeant.

A private, scenting a new outfit, proudly displayed his frayed edges and stains.

"It isn't fit for much, is it?" continued the sergeant. "Parade at 2.30 for a coal fatigue."—*Tit-Bits.*

A friend came into Jones' office to sympathize with him over the loss of his uncle. Pointing to a black cloth on the wall, the friend said:

"I'm glad to see you show some affection for your uncle."

"That's not erepe," said Jones. "That's the office boy's towel."

Scotty McKean, of the C. A. C., was awakened in the early dawn by his bunkie, who was silently peering about with a flashlight. As they stood in line for mess that morning, Scotty said. "Jake, what were you doing up so early with your flashlight?"

"Hunting my shoes," replied Jake.

Well, I didn't 'know," said Scotty dubiously, "so I got up and put my dime in my mouth and went back to bed."



*The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars, for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.*

John had received a letter from his wife, Rose, which contained the news that Rose was in jail for shoplifting. The letter was signed "Your Rosebud."

"But, papa, mama's name is Rose," said the observing son in the house.

"Yes, dear, but she calls herself Rosebud because she is not out yet," replied the father.

A night school for foreigners has been instituted by Aberdeen Post of the Legion in the State of Washington. One night the instructor asked the foreigners the

Tourist: "This is fine weather we're having."

Old Lady: "Yes, comfortable. But dearie me, it's nothing to what we used to have before the war."



Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Voice: "Friend."

Sentry: "Give the pass-word!"

Voice: "I don't know it. I forgot it."

Sentry: "Pass, friend. I've forgotten it myself."

"Say, Bill," confided one A. E. F. veteran to another, "these here Frenchies have got it pretty soft with the vin ordinaire in their army, all right, all right. I can't read all their lingo, but this here bulletin shows where they got a special guy what serves them regardless."

"Yes? What's his moniker?"

"Sous - lieutenant."

Capt. J. Rice Smith, a Confederate veteran, was at a banquet recently when he was asked if he was a Virginian.

"My friend," he said, "never ask a man if he is a Virginian. If he is you will know it, and if he is not, he will be ashamed of it."

Corporal: "What's the matter, bo? You broke?"

Sergeant: "I'm as free from money as an alligator is from hair."

Corporal: "Well, just for friendship, I'm going to lend you five. And just for sport, I'll bet you another five you never pay it back."

Sergeant: "Nothing doing on that. I can get two to one in the next barracks."

The customer rapped on the counter, coughed loudly, and did all the things that customers usually do to signify their impatience.

"I want a mouse trap," she said. "And please be quick, because I want to catch a car."

"I regret, madam," said the shopkeeper, "that my mouse traps are not guaranteed to catch cars."



— same chap at home —

## EVEN AS YOU AND I.

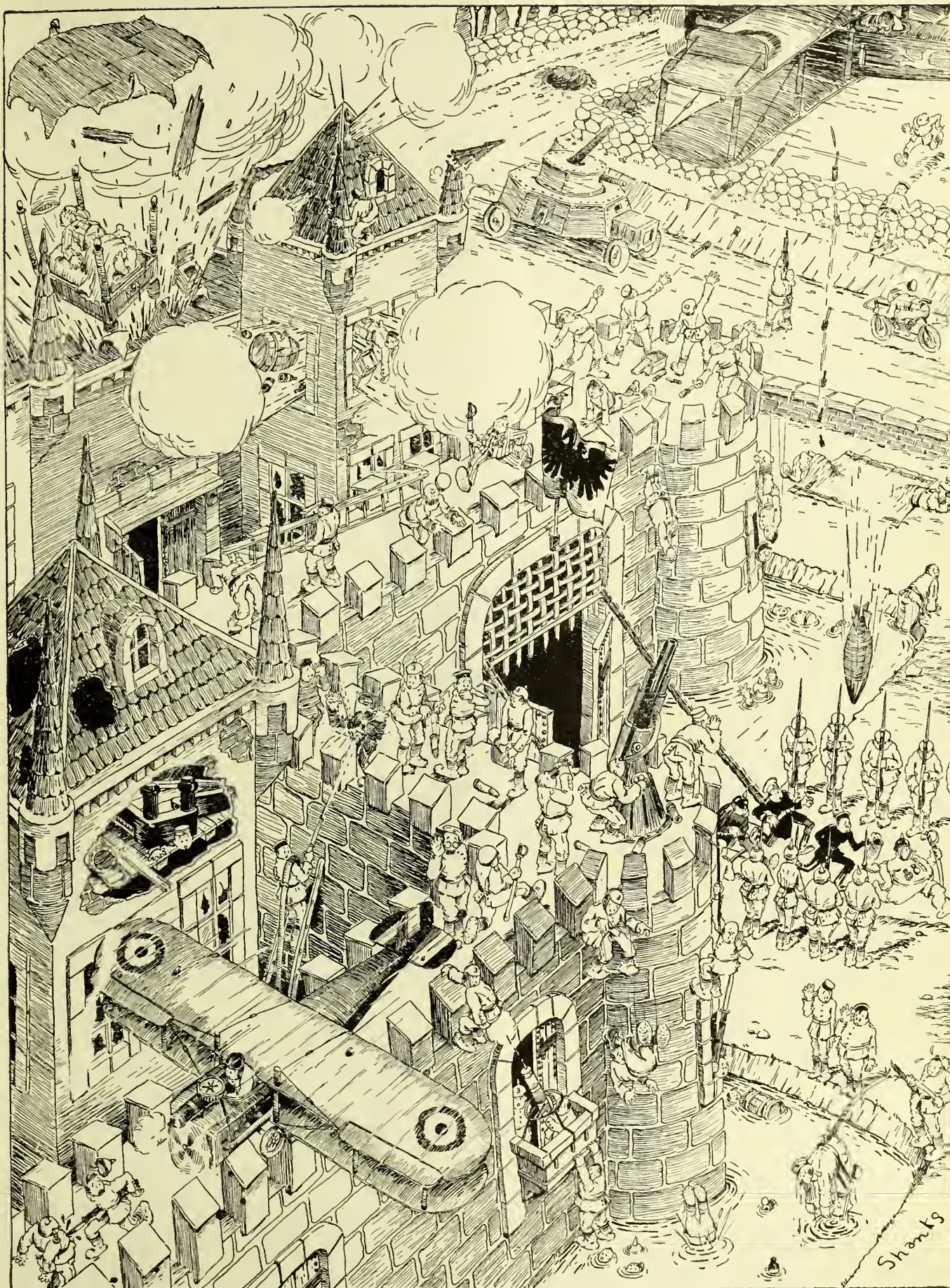
meaning of "battle." Silence reigned. "Come," said the instructor. "The men had a battle; what does that mean?" At that an Italian jumped up shouting, "A battle of beer! A battle of beer!"

Good-bye, O. D., I would be free; You've clothed my frame too long for me. I want some clothes with room, and hose All red and green; a tie of rose; I'll walk the Rue with clothes to view, Hands in my jeans, coat open, too. With dicer crown I'll rule the town, And no M. P. to call me down.

Messenger boy, with a telegram for Mr. Jenkins, rings the bell at half-past one in the morning: "Does Mr. Jenkins live here?"

Feminine voice from upstairs, wearily: "Yes; bring him in."





*Hitherto Unpublished Pictures of the War—No. 1: An Air Raid on German GHQ.*



# BULLETIN BOARD

"We foreigners are all going back to Europe soon," said one of the steel strikers. "America is behind the times and can go to the dogs. Before we left, we wanted to help the Americans to get their rights, but they are foolish and it's no use." Still, one has to give these men credit for unselfishness in coming all the way from their own countries just to help us get our rights.

The Government's \$70,000,000 city, Nitro, W. Va., which is for sale at auction, is worth only \$5,800,000 to the highest bidder up to date. The eighteen thousand acres of land which the city covers must be worth nearly that sum, alone.

Former soldiers who were discharged because they were enemy aliens may now reenlist, announces the War Department. Of course, if the soldier was discharged for disloyalty to the United States, he will not be accepted for reenlistment.

The National American War Mothers gathered in Washington, D. C., late in September for their convention. Only mothers of men and women in the service are members of this organization.

"Help Wanted—Females." Under this head appears in a recent New York paper this startling notice: "Ex-captain of infantry, 15 months in France, desires a position with an American firm in France."

The pleasing red breeches of the French Army have been suppressed. Other breeches, of course, have been supplied, steel blue ones, to match the rest of the uniform. Steel blue is darker than the old horizon blue.

American and Britain settled in different ways the question of whether the air force should be a separate department of government or should follow the lines of the Army and Navy administrations. Britain has a separate air ministry force under civilian direction, but there is now much talk of changing this, as it is not working satisfactorily.

The first naval vessel to be christened with anything but champagne has been launched. She is the destroyer *Case*; as she glided down the ways, Miss Helena Case, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral, broke a bottle of mineral water on the bow.

Great Britain is now releasing a great quantity of mail which her censorship held up during the war. Maybe we'll all get a letter or two.

The ex-soldiers who drove army horses during the war will be the best judges of the newspaper story of one horse that fell into New York harbor on September 10. On October 2 he was found alive and happy, swimming around under a pier.

"I consider myself in a state of war with Jugo-Slavia," declares D'Annunzio. One wonders whether he has sufficiently mobilized himself for such a desperate undertaking. This is self-determination with a vengeance.

Italian families whose sons fought in the American Army are receiving \$300.000 a month in allotment checks. It has been necessary for the Red Cross to establish a bureau in Italy to explain to the peasants what a check is good for.

Cigar makers in Tampa, Fla., have refused to work unless there is a man appointed to read to them all day. Otherwise their work is too monotonous.



**Elsie Wilson, twenty-two-year-old English girl, clipped her hair, dressed in a sailor's uniform and joined the crew of the transport *Plattsburg* as a coal passer. She was not discovered until she had landed in America.**

(C) International

Germany has a new emblem, minus the Hohenzollern arms. The old rampant black eagle with two heads has been replaced by a new, orderly, black eagle, with one head. It is noticeably not rampant.

Surplus motor cars of the Army are to be offered for sale to the public unless Congress forbids. This is the chance to get a nice O. D. auto at a reasonable price.

Ten and a half billion dollars, that is the amount of our present trade with other nations. And the balance is over four billions in favor of the United States. In one month this year, June, we exported \$928,000,000 worth of goods.

"It has been said that my communiques were unreliable," writes Ludendorff, in his memoirs. He goes on to answer this harsh accusation by saying, "They were framed in accordance with our duties to the army, the people at home, and our allies." Where does the truth come into this party?

Camp Shelby, Miss., has been ordered discontinued as early in the current month as possible.

The new battleship *Idaho* on her final acceptance trial made a speed of twenty-two knots an hour, the best rate ever developed by an American dreadnaught.

Nearly three hundred service newspapers were published at home and abroad while the war was in progress. Each camp and hospital had its own, as well as many divisions.

Tanks are being put to a peace-time use in France. Small ones, equipped as passenger motor cars, have shown great possibilities in climbing the Alps, and a regular "tank line" is now contemplated.

Concerning his trans-Atlantic flight in the Vickers-Vimy, Lieutenant Brown says, "It was rank foolishness. Aviation has not been enough developed commercially for such stunts and people will do well to go slow for a while."

No more hand grenades will be given out as souvenirs, says the War Department. Children's savings banks were being made from them. It seems too bad that Americans cannot get hand grenades when not so long ago the Germans were getting them duty free.

The suggestion that all crews of vessels flying the American flag be required to join the Naval Reserve was made at a conference of reserve and regular officers recently.

On the night of October 26, stay up till 1 o'clock and turn your watch back an hour. That is the night we have been looking forward to all summer, for the hour of sleep we lost last spring.

A national committee has been formed in this country to collect half a million dollars and replace the library at Louvain, which the Germans despoiled on their invasion.

One of The American Legion's expressed desires has been gratified. Late in September twelve hundred enemy aliens reached Hoboken, bound for their Fatherland.

Periscopes to the number of 160,000 are offered for sale by the Army. Small people will find them of use at parades and meetings when a human skyscraper stands in front.



# Among the Legion's Local Posts

Sedition in the high places is being searched out by Dunkirk Memorial Post of the Legion, in Buffalo, N. Y. Its members are aroused over the treasonous remarks attributed to the local Chief of Police, Fred W. Quandt, and have served the City Clerk with a written demand for a sweeping investigation of the charges.

The campaign of Clatsop Post, Astoria, Ore., against the *Astoria News*, a labor paper, for its attacks on ex-service men resulted recently in the removal of the editress by the Astoria Central Labor Council.

Hoquiam (Wash.) Post is hot on the trail of those responsible for freeing persons guilty of seditious or treasonable acts during the war. It wants the Government "without further circumlocution to proceed to the deportation of enemy aliens."

Old Glory Naval Post, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which claims to be the first exclusively naval post of the Legion, now has 300 members, most of whom paraded in the Coney Island Mardi Gras.

More than 2,000 members of the 165th Infantry of the famous Rainbow Division joined The American Legion in a body during the first week of the million membership drive.

Members of the North Side (Minneapolis) Post are organizing a quartet to perform at the national convention.

During the intensive membership drive in Worcester, Mass., the local post of the Legion increased its membership to 1,400.

Another post which made a great success of the drive was the Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas. Its membership grew from 105 to 1,200 in one week and was expected to reach 1,500 when all the teams had reported.

A committee of Quentin Roosevelt Post No. 1, of St. Louis, has appointed a committee to investigate the charge that a local landlord told the mother of a soldier who was killed in the Argonne that her sacrifice was not comparable to paying a \$700 income tax when she complained about paying an increase in rent.

By resolution of the Portsmouth (N. H.) council The American Legion is permitted to use the county courthouse there for its headquarters and meetings.

Klamath Falls Post No. 8, of Oregon, wants the Government to give ex-service men an opportunity to buy army blankets before their sale is opened to the public.

The Oregon executive committee of the Legion has adopted unanimously resolutions opposing the operations of German and Austrian relief committees in the northwest. The Oregon members are suspicious of propaganda and believe that the relief funds should be raised by the Red Cross or some other accredited American agency.

At a recent meeting of the Jefferson Post of The American Legion, held at the Jefferson County Armory, Louisville, Ky., Private Cordie H. De Vos, of Louisville, was presented with the Croix de Guerre, won through gallant conduct at Mont Blanc during the closing days of the war.

Keen rivalry between teams brought the membership of Memphis (Tenn.) Post No. 1 above the 1,200 mark by the first of October, and three hundred more members were anticipated. The post had to seek new headquarters. The useful expedient of setting aside one day of the Tri-State Fair as American Legion Day accomplished much.

One hundred and sixty-nine dollars were realized at the dance of the Augusta (Maine) Post No. 2. This money will be used to send delegates to the conventions.

Two members of Frank Kresen Post No. 24, Lake Geneva, Wis., were admitted to full citizenship. Both were born abroad, but the judge who admitted them said, "You fought for your country before you were citizens; you will be loyal to it now."

Oklahoma's largest post is at Tulsa. The liveliest, according to its members, is Argonne Post, No. 4, at Enid.

Service men in Hartford, Conn., are getting into the habit of gathering in their club in the old Hall of Records. The city gave the quarters and the citizens volunteered the equipment. Members of the J. Rau and Arthur P. Locke Post No. 8 are more than proud of the club.

Fort Cumberland Post No. 13, in Maryland, got together and looked over its resources recently, and found nearly five hundred members. The few eligibles who have not enrolled will surely be trapped by the big dance that is soon to take place.

Alamo Post, San Antonio, Tex., gained 347 members in the September drive, which brought its total to 1,339. In this number are fifty-two army nurses and General Dickman, commander of the Southern Department. The post has a permanent office at 526 Gunther Building.

An unusually effective employment bureau has been set up by the Meadville (Pa.) Post No. 111. Cooperation with local employers is their secret.

Musical talent is rife in Providence (R. I.) Post No. 1, which has a fifty-piece band made up of its own members. It is the hope of this post that it can take the band along to Minneapolis.

A \$200,000 memorial hall to commemorate the men who gave their lives in the war is proposed by service men of Sewickley, Pa.

(Continued on page 28)



ONE WAY OUT OF IT.



# Counting up the Bonus Bills

## Many Measures Now Before Congress and the Number Is Multiplying

ONE of the most popular indoor sports at Washington at present appears to be introducing bonus bills in Congress. On the first of October the total was thirty-six, with every prospect of an increase now that brisk, cool days have succeeded summer's heat and a man can put some energy into his work. Probably the only pastime that rivals it in Congressional esteem is introducing measures to provide farm land for former service men.

Glancing over the list of bonus bills and their provisions, the veteran can take his pick, if he happens to favor a cash bonus. Indigent ex-officers who favor a bonus cannot be expected to stump the country in favor of the measure promulgated by Representative Bell, of Georgia, which would cut the commissioned personnel off without a cent, and give \$30, payable in bonds or cash, to every enlisted man, for every month he served. On the other hand, Senator Gronna, of North Dakota, may be assured of the captain's vote, for they would be the most handsomely benefited by his measure, which would give a year's pay to all who served before the armistice, excepting those whose base pay exceeded \$2,400.

Many of the Congressmen who have fathered bonus bills have circularized their districts with extracts of the *Record* containing their measures, so that the folks back home will know "what their Representative is willing to do for the boys."

AMONG the first bills presented in the Sixty-sixth Congress were those of Representatives O'Connell, of New York; Ferris, of Oklahoma, and Emerson, of Ohio. Mr. O'Connell would give six months' pay, Mr. Ferris six months' pay with previous bonus deducted. Mr. Emerson is for a straight \$300 gratuity. Mr. Lampert, of Wisconsin, would do the same. Mr. Langley, of Kentucky, would give

each man a month's pay for each month of service, and Mr. Gallivan, of Massachusetts, would award six months' pay to all enlisted men and console the officers with the honor of a promotion of one grade just before discharge.

June was a dull month. Only one bill was introduced. Mr. Voigt, of Wisconsin, brought forth the measure, which calls for extra pay for each month of service between the declaration of war and the signing of the armistice, the total to each man not to be greater than \$1,000. Officers whose base pay exceeded \$2,400 are denied any benefits under this bill.

July tied the May record with six bills. Mr. Foster, of Ohio, would tax incomes of \$20,000 and up and pay \$360 to each veteran; Mr. Baer, of North Dakota, would do the same, levying on incomes of \$25,000 and more; Mr. Morin, of Pennsylvania, wants \$360 to every veteran who joined before November 11, and isn't so particular where the money comes from; Mr. Johnson, of South Dakota, would reward service at the front by paying those who were under fire \$340, others \$240, with nothing to clerks who drew more than \$60 a month. Mr. Jones, of Texas, displays more liberality than most. He would give everybody who served anywhere a \$50 bond for every month he put in. Mr. Weaver, of North Carolina, would grant \$30 a month for service prior to the armistice, no award to exceed \$360.

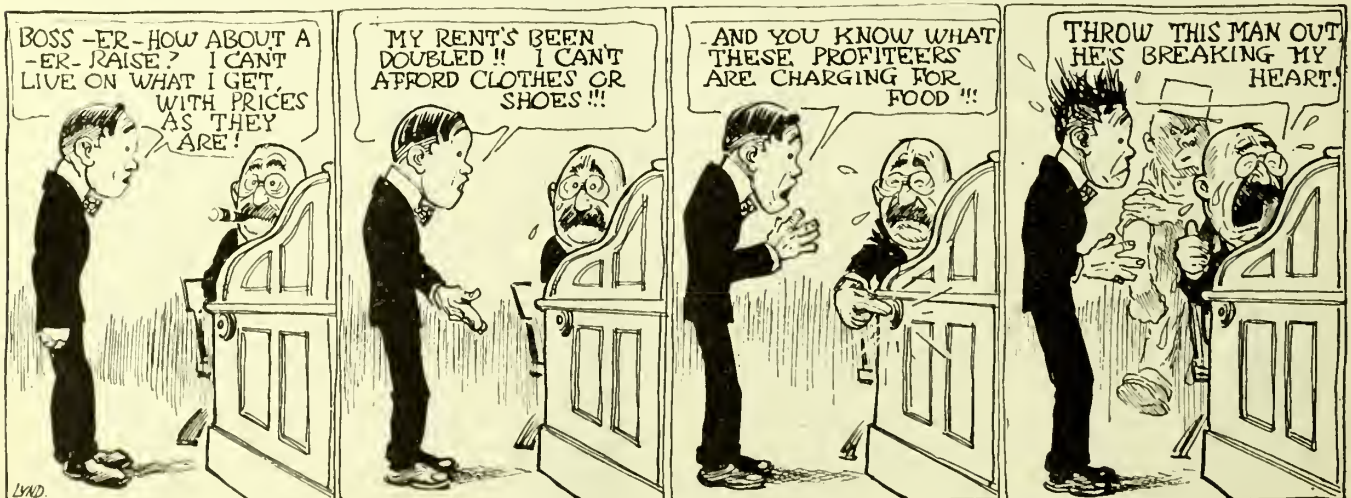
In August, Mr. Bell, of Georgia, introduced his measure, as did Mr. Kincheloe, of Kentucky, who would give \$30 for every month served by anyone. Mr. Pow, of North Carolina, would have everyone who drew under \$2,500 get \$180 in cash. Mr. Meade, of New York, would pay the \$60 bonus to the heirs of those who died in the service. An amnesty provision is attached to the bill presented by Mr. Bacharach, of New Jersey. He would grant amnesty to all convicted of minor

offenses before courts-martial and throw in a \$360 bonus to all who served prior to the armistice. Record for the month: five bills.

BUSINESS picked up in September. The Messrs. Browne, Classon, Frear, Randell, Lampert, Esch, Monahan, Kleczka and Nelson, all of Wisconsin, introduced bills which would grant a \$30 bonus for each month of service up to October 1, 1919. King Swope, of Kentucky, the first man to be elected to Congress on his war record, put in a bill to give \$30 a month for each month of service, not to exceed twelve months. He would give nothing to those who served less than two months. Mr. McKenzie, of Illinois, would refund all money deducted from pay for allotments to dependents, and would provide an additional compensation of \$15 a month for honorably discharged veterans. Mr. Benham, of Indiana, would pay the same bonus to those who were in the fighting services as was paid to other government workers. Mr. Hicks, of New York, would pay \$30 a month to all, in four and three-quarter per cent bonds, with a minimum of \$60 to a man.

Senator Trammel, of Florida, introduced a bill to provide \$30 for persons who served three months, \$60 for those who served five months, \$90 for six months, \$120 for seven months, and \$150 for all others. Mr. Kennedy, of Iowa, presented the same bill to the House.

While this is the record to date, the end is probably not yet. The situation is not sufficiently clarified to say which bill introduced, or yet to come, will become the center of interest and attention. Consideration is being given to drafting bills providing what might be summarized in a phrase as "a constructive bonus," the theory being that something ought to be done for the service men that would be of permanent benefit to all.



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## INFORMATION

The American Legion Weekly will undertake to answer in this column practical questions asked by readers affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in the order of their receipt, except that precedence may be given now and then to questions of a wide general interest.

## An Insurance Answer

*To the Editor:* Will you kindly inform me how much I will have to send to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance: I held a \$10,000 policy in the U. S. Navy. I was released on July 31, 1919, the insurance being paid up until that date. I wish to convert it to a 20-year endowment policy for \$1,000. I will be 20 years of age in December, 1919. The rate for \$1,000 policy is \$39.10 per year. I intend to send in the check about the 7th of October, 1919. Do I have to pay for August, September and October? Do I have to pay on the \$10,000 policy or on the \$1,000 20-year endowment policy?  
 New York, N. Y. A. B. SEE.

You need to pay back premium of \$.64 on \$1,000 term insurance, together with the first premium on the \$1,000 20-year endowment policy. These remittances should be accompanied by application for reinstatement of your insurance which lapsed on the first of September and also by application for the conversion of the reinstated insurance.

## N. Y. Mexican Border Medal

*To the Editor:* What are the qualifications for the Mexican Border Medal given by the State of New York and where may it be obtained?  
 New York, N. Y. H. U. THON.

The Mexican Border Medal will be awarded by the State of New York to all soldiers, sailors and marines of the state who performed service on the Mexican border or who were mobilized for duty between June, 1916, and April, 1917. Application blanks for the medal may be obtained at local armories in the state or from the office of the adjutant general of the state, Albany, N. Y.

## Figures on Offensives

*To the Editor:* How did the number of Americans participating in the St. Mihiel offensive compare with the number used in the Meuse-Argonne offensive?  
 Newport, R. I. FABER TOWNSEND.

War Department figures show that 550,000 Americans participated in the St. Mihiel drive and 1,200,000 in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

## Raised German Ships

*To the Editor:* Has any effort been made to raise the German ships sunk by their own crews at Scapa Flow?

HARVEY WILLIAMSON.

Birmingham, Ala.

The British have raised nineteen of the vessels. They are the dreadnaught *Baden*, the new cruisers *Emden*, *Frankfort* and *Nuremberg*, and fifteen destroyers.

## Army Supplies

*To the Editor:* Is it possible to buy a Springfield army rifle and other army equipment? I have heard that it is and in such a case I would like to know where, and would appreciate information as to prices.

LaJunta, Colo.

WILLIS J. HOUSE.

Only commissioned officers in active service are permitted to purchase ordnance firearms. The question is indefinite as to "other army equipment." Some army equipment is now being disposed of at public sales.

## Twenty-sixth Engineers

*To the Editor:* Where can I obtain a record of the names of the men who belonged to Company E, Water Supply Regiment, Twenty-sixth Engineers?

Waukan, Ia.

HENRY PIMAY.

Write to the Personnel Division, Chief Engineer's Office, United States Army, Washington, D. C.

AMONG THE LEGION'S  
LOCAL POSTS

(Continued from page 25)

A farm colony in New Jersey for former service men is being started now. The State Legion has acquired 4,200 acres of land, including a village of fifty houses, an inn, a store, a church, and some good forest land. The property will be divided into 420 ten-acre farms. Sixty acres will be reserved for a pond, which will supply fish and boating in summer, and ice and skating in winter. The estimated cost will be \$1,902,000.

"Perhaps never before in the history of the city has there gathered such a number of young men" as met for the smoker of Richard F. Smith Post No. 29, according to the Jackson (Mich.) papers. Boxing, wire-walking, and all kinds of vaudeville kept the five hundred and fifty members entertained all evening. The post is organizing a football team which it hopes will be able to defeat any other eleven in the state.

"I am exceedingly glad," says Governor Charles H. Brough, of Arkansas, "to give my official and personal endorsement of The American Legion. It is quite fitting that the flower of our young manhood should now hand themselves together to perpetuate the principles and high ideals for which they fought, bled, and died, in order that democracy, liberty, and justice might live. I consider that the Legion offers itself as a solemn obligation of good citizenship for former service men to join, thereby to take part in moulding into our national life the rugged 100 per cent Americanism which means so much in these troublous times."



# FIND YOUR BUDDY

## A Mother's Letter

*Missing:* Pvt. Victor Bryan, Serial No. 120868, 76th Company, 6th Marines.

The mother of this boy, who went to France at the age of seventeen, writes: "I wonder whether through the readers of *THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY* I may find out something definite about my son, either living or dead. He was Private John Victor Bryan, 120868, third platoon, 76th Company, 6th Marine Regiment, Second Division. He went over to France in September, 1917, and is now only 19 years old. He stands about six feet tall, straight and slender, has blue eyes and brown hair.



**Pvt. John V. Bryan** "He was officially reported wounded in action on July 19, 1918, in the Soissons drive. Try as we may we can get no details concerning his case. The Government seems to have lost trace of him, and now because they have no further record, they send us word that the only reasonable conclusion to come to is that he must be dead, and so is recorded on their records. There is, however, no record of his burial.

"We have met a young man who knows our son was taken to a hospital. If any boys who read this letter can tell us anything at all about this young marine, they will be doing a great kindness to his mother."

MRS. JOHN B. BRYAN.

*Downers Grove, Ill.*

## Seeks Wounded Marine

Information regarding the whereabouts of Frank G. Rice, who served overseas with the Sixth Regiment, Marine Corps, is desired by V. J. Wheaton, Board of Commissioners, Galveston, Tex. Rice was wounded at Chateau Thierry and returned to the United States, participating in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive at Memphis, Tenn. Marine Corps records show he was discharged from service March 15, 1919, giving as his future address 637 Glenmore Avenue, Brooklyn, but nothing of his present whereabouts is known at that address.

## Ask Story of Death

The story of the death of Capt. Orville L. Anderson, near Juvigny, France, about August 30, 1918, is sought by relatives, through Flathead Post No. 7, Kalispell, Mont. Captain Anderson was attached to Company K, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division. Buddies who were with him when he met death are requested to communicate with A. G. Swaney, commander of the inquiring post.

## 16th Inf. Man Missing

*Missing:* Pvt. Charles Ezra Miller, Serial No. 43029, F Company, Sixteenth Infantry.

Private Miller joined the Second Montana Infantry on May 30, 1917. He was twenty-one years old. The Second Montana became the 163rd Infantry, Forty-first Division, and left Camp Merritt, N. J., in December, arriving in England the day before Christmas, 1917. In the



**Pvt. Charles Ezra Miller**

spring of 1918 Miller was transferred to the Sixteenth Infantry, First Division. On July 20, he was reported seriously wounded in the Soissons offensive. No word has been received of him since.

He was five feet nine inches tall, had red hair, and blue eyes. Information should be addressed to his sister, Bernice Miller, 708 West Third Street, Anaconda, Mont.

## Attention, 4th Pioneers

Members of the Fourth Pioneer Infantry are asked to communicate with Samuel T. Critchlow, formerly of F Company, whose address is 2632 North 17th Street, Philadelphia.

## Missing Since Leave

*Missing:* Pvt. Norman N. Negley, 26th Engineers.

Pvt. Norman N. Negley served in France with the 7th and 26th Engineers. He went to Aix-le-Bains on leave in March, 1919. A leave train was wrecked about that time and he may have been on it.

## Wounded Man Disappears

*Missing:* Gunnery Sergt. Arthur Clarence Goetze, 79th Company, 6th Marines.

Sergeant Goetze was reported wounded July 19, 1918, but no further information has been received by his parents concerning him.

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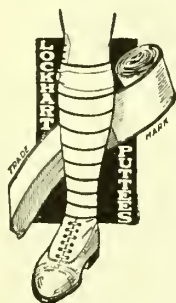
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## LETTERS from READERS



### "The Real Dope"

To the Editor: I am just off the transport and way behind the game over here, but I want to send in my own good grip of the hand to The American Legion and to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. You've sure got the right and real dope and everybody should join up as quickly as he can. Let's go!

New York City.

P. W. E. H.

### Look Forward to Weekly

To the Editor: We greatly appreciate your sending THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY for our reading-room. The men are reading it and looking forward to its coming each week. We wish you the best of success in your good work.

H. B. FRAME, Y. M. C. A. Sec'y.  
Appleton, Wis.

### Farms for All

To the Editor: Regarding your editorial, "Farms for Soldiers," we do not begrudge any good that may come to the boys who were drafted into war. We are glad for them that homesteads are projected for all who may desire them. But we do object if the offer is not extended to every man and woman who desires such assistance. We love the soldier boys, but would not deify them. The nation that does so, in the language of "The Beadle," is "a ass." It is a goner, and for good reasons.

L. Dow.

Webb City, Mo.

### Of High Order

To the Editor: I appreciate the AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. I find it of a high order and believe it is destined to become popular with the Legion.

LAYTON C. SPEAKER.

Wellsboro, Pa.

### Sees Improvement

To the Editor: The WEEKLY grows better every issue. The introduction of colors is an especially strong point. We are working up a lot of interest in the magazine out this way.

EARL B. SEARCY,

Temporary Secretary,  
American Legion of Illinois.

Chicago, Ill.

### Praise for Pictures

To the Editor: Just a few words of praise for our paper. I have received several copies of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and cannot say too much in its favor. Many of my friends, especially those who were not in the service, are very much taken up with the pictures of "over there." They have heard the boys tell much of experiences, but could never realize the destruction and the terrors we had to face until seeing the pictures. I hope I may see more of them in each publication.

WILLIAM F. STAAKE.

Salem, N. J.

### Class

To the Editor: Enclosed you will find a list of our members of the Legion, every one of whom has stated that he wants THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and expressed his appreciation for this magazine and hopes for the continuation and life of it. It's Class—with a capital "C."

A. E. GRIFFITHS.

Great Falls, Mont.

### THE TEST OF MANHOOD

(Continued from page 17)

we know that the man who has spent years of terrible privation and suffering, for instance, in the desert of Death Valley, ever afterwards has a longing deep down in his heart for the solitude of those arid wastes and a desire to again hit the trail across the scorching sands. We call that condition being "bitten by the desert," and all arctic men will tell you that they often long to go back once again to the land of the Eskimos, "purple ice" and seal oil.

NEVERTHELESS, these men do settle down and we have a very prominent example of what the outdoor man can do in public life, in the career of our beloved friend, the late Colonel Roosevelt. In spite of his longing for the blue sky and the open, this great American did as much careful, painstaking routine work as any other man in Washington.

Abraham Lincoln was an outdoor man and it would have been hard for Lincoln to settle down to work if his soul had not been filled with a mighty purpose. Yes, men, the game is worth playing. You are sportsmen and the stakes in this game are wealth, fame, happiness, honor and esteem. They are big stakes, but they differ from ordinary stakes in the fact that any or all of them can be won by any of you men who possess health and common sense.

If you want an occupation, outside of your business or trade, which will interest you and in which your training as a soldier will be of great assistance, line yourself up with the Boy Scout Movement, and work with the little fellows. You will find that they will follow you, look up to you and copy you. You are their hero and to be a boys' hero is, in itself, an important and very responsible position.

Remember you never dishonored your uniform while in the service and you must not and cannot dishonor it now by lying



down on your job. The American people depend on you to protect them in their rights as Americans, to uphold their institutions, their business and their trade. You are the men of the future with greater and grander opportunities than any of your predecessors ever possessed.

In the frenzy of battle it is possible that even an occasional coward may die a hero; but it takes the highest sort of ideals and most exalted mental courage for one to live for his country, to live the life of a patriot during the piping times of peace.

Now, men, go to it, and God bless you!

## LOOKING TOWARD MINNEAPOLIS

(Continued from page 11)

CONSIDER a few samples:

"A potent factor in the progress of civilization, in upbuilding our republican institutions."

"It breeds entire respect, confidence and not a little awe to survey the perfection of action and intent with which its organization is going."

"The thought of the country first, the general welfare above all other interest."

"The service in civil life may surpass its achievements on the field."

"No greater opportunity for service to the country was ever presented to young men."

"It is worthy of the confidence and support of all Americans."

"The American Legion will live and move and have its being far above the plane of ordinary politics."

"It has tremendous possibilities before it."

"It is by this means the real aims of the soldiers will become known and their ideals carried before the people."

The constitution and the resolutions adopted by the St. Louis caucus give the clearest indications of the Legion's course, and its conduct thus far has been plainly along that charted route. It is quite unnecessary to warn the delegates who go to Minneapolis against pitfalls which they avoided so successfully at Paris and St. Louis. On the other hand, it is only consistent with sound "G-2" work to inform them that the cohorts of privilege and special interest, of politicians and parties already are marshalling their forces, and it is not odd that they should plan to be in Minneapolis about the time The American Legion delegates arrive for their annual convention.

There may be enemies within as well as without. Too eager enthusiasm, misguided, inordinate suspicion, private and local prejudices and considerations, must have no place in the convention's proceedings. The course which the convention will chart for the next year must be laid with the most far-sighted conception of the onerous tasks still to be accomplished in organization, enlargement and perfection, as well as in the furtherance of the principles which the Legion has adopted.

When the bugle and bass drum resound on the street, it is a simple matter to start a parade. It is not so simple when you corral the paraders and attempt to perfect an organization that will go over and "lick the Hun."

# I Earned \$2200.00 IN FOUR MONTHS





**This is Richard A. Oldham**

Mr. Oldham was telegraph operator for the Illinois Central Railroad for twenty years. He is fifty-eight years old. During all those twenty years, he drew the customary monthly salary of a telegraph operator—no more—no less. One day he read one of my advertisements and the possibilities of making money in the Auto Tire Repair Business. In a few weeks he had purchased and installed a Haywood outfit, and was doing business for himself. He was **His Own Boss**. A short time ago he wrote us that his income in four months was as much as it had been in Two and One-Half years as Telegraph Operator.

Oldham is a living example of what can be done. There are **thirty million** tires in use every day—punctures and blowouts are common. Something going wrong all the time. New tires advancing to prohibitive prices. Owners forced to have their old tires fixed.

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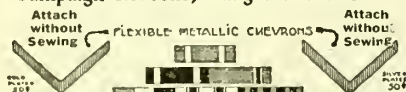
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION

# "Hooky"

(Continued from page 9)

big nugget that would let me sit down an' rest, Kippie—a big nugget. There ain't agoin' to be no nugget now. . . ."

Kippie may not have understood the secrets confided in him, but he recognized that this man with the iron claws was his friend. He grunted an asthmatic message of approbation, then stretched out at the foot of Hooky's cot and fell asleep.

How Hooky Tom managed to retain his place as the night police force of Cascade City it would be difficult to explain. Perhaps the steady influence of the civilization that was reaching up through the cattle country may have had something to do with it. Perhaps it was because the crooks were considerate enough to refrain from open breach of the peace.

His collapse was no secret now. Those who once had shivered as he passed looked up into his malignant face and smiled. Women glanced at him pityingly and that was worse than the sneering of the men. Sometimes Kippie, who had deserted the Gold Nugget since his unfortunate encounter with the hungry mongrel, followed him. This was not often, for Kippie was physically handicapped. Hooky and the dog were well matched, the citizens of Cascade agreed. Tom, had they asked him, would have concurred in the sentiment.

So when the shriveling summer ceased to make a furnace of Cascade Valley, when Harney Peak and the Needles turned from purple to gray and then faded out altogether before the advance of the first snow, and the scrub pines blended in green and white like dried sage on the hillsides, Hooky remained only by sufferance. Any day might come the word that would cast him out.

DOWN from the lumber camps one night came Wolf Quaid. With him was Omaha Higgs, a gentleman of established reputation and unstable temper.

The pair found adventure almost as soon as the string of log flats clattered over the junction at the west end of town. By diving into a convenient snow-drift they found themselves half a mile closer to the "First Chance" saloon than if they had waited for the train to stop. They stumbled from the drift to the wagon road and almost into the arms of a slightly intoxicated citizen who was journeying back to his claim up the canyon. He did not recognize their right to the highway and discussed them individually and collectively in terms for which the lumber country has provided only one answer. The chance horseman who picked him up an hour later was barely able to recognize him.

Higgs was in the midst of a twilight nap when the sheriff reached the "First Chance." Quaid, whose capacity was slightly larger and whose memory of the Gem incident was too fresh for his peace of mind, still possessed his faculties. He stole a broncho and rode out into the hills.

HOOKEY pushed into the police station three days later, blinked at four loungers who were listening to a story of unauthenticated heroism as related by his chief, held the door open for Kippie, despite the protests of the assembly, and hung up his hat. The group looked at him only long enough to speak its collective mind.

He had ceased to be sufficiently important to arouse attention, contemptuous or otherwise. He drew a chair to the corner behind the stove, dropped into it and fell asleep. Outside, the night had shut down upon the valley although it was barely 6 o'clock. Hooky's day was not scheduled to begin for another hour.

"He was a high-grader," droned the chief, plunging bravely into the details of his unending narrative. "He lit here from Lead and tried to get the gold assayed—said it was from his own mine up on Blacktail creek. But I knew better. I goes over to the hotel an' I tells him to come along. Soon as he sees who it is he knows it's all off. I get a drop on him an' he starts to raise his hands, but he has a little gun in one sleeve. He takes a shot just for luck an' I had to kill him. Too bad! That fella' mighta been all right if he'd come here first, instead o' startin' right in to workin' for the Homestake. When you're digging gold for another man, it gets hard sometimes to remember that it's his. . . ."

The listeners nodded approvingly. "The high-grader" who had stolen the gold of the Homestake and had eluded its elaborate system of guards, only to pay for his crime with his life in Cascade City, was a favorite character in the chief's narratives.

The details of the story differed with circumstances, such as the inebriation of the audience, the number of sticks of wood in the stove, the position of the chewing tobacco in the chief's jaw or the amount of noise the wind was making in its wild race through the chinks in the jail walls. In one respect, however, the story never varied; the chief's heroism was unquestioned, his quickness with a gun beyond discussion.

"An' then," the narrator went on, "an' then the barkeep comes across the bar at me. I wings him on the fly an' he drops expirin' on the floor. Another one, I guess it's the high-grader's partner, starts to raise his gun. Only I see him just in time. I shoots—the bullet goes through his wrist. . . ."

What other casualties might have ensued in this particular telling cannot be made a matter of record, for Wolf Quaid stepped into the room, covered the audience with one gun and shot out a window light with another.

HOOKEY opened his eye, saw the situation and slid off his chair to the floor. From where Quaid stood, not an inch of his person was visible.

"I'm after Omaha Higgs," announced the lumberman in a voice that harmon-



ized with the text of his announcement. "Get your keys, you old squaw, an' mind in reachin' for 'em that if your hand comes out of that pocket with a gun in it, you ain't goin' to reach for no keys no more."

The audience breathed a sigh of relief. The indomitable chief would drop this outlaw through his gun pocket with a slightly sidewise aim, as he dropped many another bandit in his evening stories.

The chief, however, suddenly veered to the viewpoint that had come into the hills with the first line of railroad, the first patent medicines, the first circus, the first can of shoe polish and the other initial marks of civilization. He had become aware of the fact that discretion is not only the better part of valor, but the sum total of earthly wisdom when one finds one's self peering into the depths of another man's revolver.

His hand went to his hip quickly and returned without delay. A ring of rusty keys clinked on the rough table.

Quaid picked them up. Carefully he selected the largest—a key that obviously could fit nothing else than the lock in the grated door at the end of the room.

"Sorry I have to put you folks in the hoose gow awhile," he said. "But you'd only be in my way out here an' you might want me to stay longer than I'd care to. Get up, all of you! Hold your hands above your heads an' march."

They all complied. The lumber jack backed away from the group toward the grated door. He returned one gun to its holster. Still facing the prisoners, he stooped a little. One hand was behind him. Presently a lock clicked and the door swung inward.

"In you go!" came the gruff order. "One at a time an' step lively."

Deft taps across hips made evident the fact that the men carried no concealed artillery. Quaid had expected none—gun-fighters lead too eventful a life to spend hours of it listening to a town marshal's autobiography. The chief had a revolver in the same pocket from which he had taken the keys. He was relieved of it as he followed his auditors into the cell. A second later the bars had clanged shut on them and Quaid was surveying the room in a search for the door that led to the jail's only other cell—the strong room wherein was incarcerated Omaha Higgs.

Hooky Tom, being a miner and a policeman and not a scientist, could have ascribed no cause for what followed, albeit he was greatly concerned. He remembered Quaid from the day of the shooting in the Gem bar. The pains still coursed along his spine, his eye was no stronger now than a week ago, but a force of hatred that would have been some man's death warrant in the old days tingled suddenly in his stagnant veins.

WOLF QUAID did not notice a misshapen figure rising up noiselessly behind the stove. In the shadows before him he saw a fat, ugly form bestir itself. It startled him momentarily and his pistol was poised for action, his finger pressing the trigger, when he discovered it was only Kippie. He laughed at his fears and his laugh covered the stealthy step behind him. He failed to interpret the rea-

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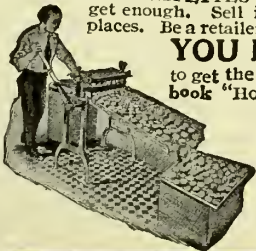
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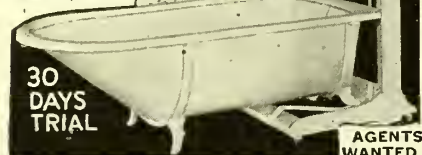
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son for the dog's unexpected activity. And for that reason his opponent was able to take the first trick.

A sound no louder than a soft breathing aroused him to the presence of an uncalculated element. He swung about, discharging his pistol as he turned, but he fired only once. Before he could draw the other gun a pair of strange arms encompassed him, a distorted face was close to his own. His right wrist went limp and the pistol clattered to the floor.

Then his surprise left him and he went about the task in hand systematically.

He could not tell whether his wrist was broken or sprained. In either case it was a minor consideration. The disposal of the creature that had twined itself about him loomed up as vital. No matter whether his hands were disabled or not their duty was prescribed for them.

Only the wheeze of constricted lungs and one or two terrible curses from the tortured depths of the lumberman's body broke the silence of the combat. Behind the bars of the cell, five men stood motionless, unable to assist, almost unable to breathe.

Quaid's powerful shoulders, his heritage from the timber country, began to writhe beneath the torn mackinaw that covered them. The swollen blue wrist crept up inch by inch out of the grip of the steel rods that locked behind his back.

A terrible moment during which neither man seemed to move—then a pair of hairy claws shot out. Hooky's clutch relaxed a bit and his head snapped backward as the long, sinewy fingers sank into the loose flesh of his throat.

The first surge of the battle lusted ebbed away and Hooky felt the dizzy sinking that he knew only too well to be the fore-runner of unconsciousness. He realized his success had depended upon a quick stroke and a brief combat. That hope was gone.

The hold of the steel arms was loosening. A momentary offensive enabled him to sink the points into the fabric of Quaid's mackinaw and as the outlaw pressed him back the hooks went deeper. Cloth and flesh and sinew ripped in unison as the policeman made his supreme effort to avoid the long hands that clasped his throat.

His eye had taken on a strange stare and there was hot slag in his lungs. Still he threw his desperate strength upon the iron hooks and steadily they crept toward him, tearing a path through the tough body in which they lodged.

**J**UST as the blackness was becoming impenetrable and the roaring in his head was changing to a merciful, abysmal silence, the grip of death loosened. A new factor had entered the encounter.

Snarling and wheezing as the men careened about him, Kippie crawled with his nose to the floor.

The call of his ancestry was coming to him through the layers and layers of fat that a generous civilization had placed over his natural instincts. Here in the primitive passions of the two who sought each other's lives was a spirit which his wolf soul could understand.

Then as he watched, whining dismally

at the prospect of the battle in which he seemingly was physically unable to take part, the hooks had begun their gory advance across the lumberman's back.

The dog sat up on his haunches, sniffed the air and howled. Drops of ruddy moisture colored the dirty floor in front of him. A drop struck him full upon the upturned nose.

Civilization and its restrictions ceased to concern him. His pounds of overweight seemingly no hindrance to his freedom of movement, the dog leaped.

High over the locked arms he went. He struggled for a footing on the swaying shoulders of the men as he came down. His jaws closed—over flesh.

Hooky realized with surprise that there was no longer a pressure upon his Adam's apple. There was a straining influence against the hooks, but it was more than a strategic retreat. It was rout.

The points came loose as the lumberman fought to tear the teeth of Kippie, the reincarnated wolf, from his jugular. In a drunken circle he backed about the room, clutching at the fat dog, tearing his flabby flesh, beating him, trying to throttle him. At length Kippie's surplus weight told. His aged teeth gave way and he fell, panting and growling, to the floor.

Quaid leaned against the table on the verge of exhaustion, one hand to his throat, the other reaching automatically for the pistol that remained in its holster. Then Tom Staples' iron hook crashed against his skull.

Tom picked up the keys from the floor, where they had fallen at the beginning of the combat. He passed them through the bars to the chief and stood silent, fighting back a sickening vertigo as the captives passed out.

He silenced attempts at congratulation with a wave of his hooks.

"If it's all the same to you, Bill," he said, addressing the chief and indicating the four civilians, "we ought to keep these bums out o' here. It's kinda like a bid to trouble to have 'em around."

The chief started in surprise at the audacity of the suggestion, but he nodded his acquiescence.

Tom pulled his amorphous hat down over his ears and started out into the storm without further comment. His shoulders were square and his step swinging. He had a "beat" to walk.

At the next corner he leaned against a building to shield himself from the wind and laid a cold rod across his throat. A fit of coughing racked his body.

But Tom did not mind that now. He was again Hooky the invincible. Again his word was law—a man's life had proved it—and until death should remove him from the service so it would remain.

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# COLGATE'S

## "HANDY GRIP"

PATENTED 1917

# SHAVING STICK

### \*Mr. Jones writes a letter

—and his communication is interesting to every man who shaves himself—and wishes comfort in so doing.



"My children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap," says Mr. Jones. If you do not have one given you—give yourself a "Handy Grip."



"In the directions was an admonition not to rub. I thought this extremely silly," says Mr. Jones. But he found true the original Colgate phrase used since 1897—"needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers."



"I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used," says Mr. Jones. You will think so after you have tried Colgate's "Handy Grip."

Colgate & Co., New York, April 6, 1918.  
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Some months ago my children chanced to give me a stick of your shaving soap, and I am writing to you to tell you what a delight shaving now is with it, instead of the nightmare formerly experienced whenever I shaved. The lather is wonderful, smooth as velvet, and the skin without any irritation, and indeed your shaving stick is ideal for the purpose.

In the directions that came with the shaving stick was an admonition not to rub the beard with the hand after applying the lather. I thought this extremely silly, but on trying it I found that your experts had solved another important element in successful shaving and I shall never again do anything but follow the advice given. The brush, applying the lather with the proper degree of moisture in it, is sufficient. The new method is vastly superior to the old.

I am, from now on, a firm champion of Colgate's Shaving Stick. It beats anything I have ever used, and I've been shaving myself for 35 years.

None of your agents have solicited this testimonial from me but I send it merely as a deserved recognition of the makers of the best shaving soap in the world.

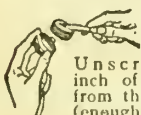
Very truly yours,

(Signed) EDWIN J. JONES\*

\*Mr. Jones is Associate Editor of  
The Financial World.

THE "HANDY GRIP" is the thrifty Shaving Stick. It saves you 50 shaves below the "Waste Line," and more; you can buy a Refill Stick for the original metal Grip.

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Unscrew 1/2 inch of soap from the Grip (enough for 50 shaves)—



and press it, wet, to a new Stick. It adheres, to be all used.



And the Refill Stick costs less than the complete Grip, and screws in.

